

From the Christian Remembrancer.

Poems, by HARTLEY COLERIDGE; with a Memoir of his Life, by his Brother. 2 vols. Moxon. 1851.

THE biographical sketch, which will constitute to many the chief interest of the present volumes, must have been attended in its composition by more than the ordinary train of doubts and difficulties which at all times beset the biographer, especially when connected by near ties with his subject. The conflicting claims of uncompromising truth and filial or fraternal piety, which must now and then clash when the best of men is the object of inquiry, cannot fail to cause many a delicate dilemma, and cost the conscience some struggles; but commonly these are reconciled either by a prevailing conviction of the excellence of the character under review, which admits of candor in detail, or by a convenient laxity of principles in the writer, which obscures the sharp distinctions of right and wrong, and leaves him at liberty to slur over, to excuse, or to justify, as the case may be, every error the course of his narrative obliges him to touch upon. Neither of these alternatives facilitate the task in the present instance. The biographer, both in his personal and official character, is duly sworn to maintain the highest standard of faith and practice, nor shrinks from the requirements of a high profession; while his subject, so near to him in blood and affection, possessing so many claims to his sympathy and admiration, was nevertheless even notorious for his habitual breach of one of the simplest and most elementary moral restraints, giving himself up an almost unresisting victim to the most degrading form of excess. In fact, this very notoriety, at first sight so strong an argument against such an undertaking, may have been a leading motive for the brother's assumption of the office of memorialist. All men knew wherein lay the weakness of this erring genius, but all men did not know his strength. There were redeeming points which strangers could not have supposed compatible with his form of error—a remarkable idiosyncrasy to be delineated, which seemed to remove his faults from the more vulgar form of degradation by a touch of eccentricity; and for the biographer himself, we cannot be mistaken in supposing that there was the instinct of family feeling to be relieved in setting forth the extraordinary array of intellectual gifts and powers, which, though rendered of small practical benefit to their possessor, could not be obscured or lose their charm under the most adverse influences; which, if they could not sustain him in their own elevation, at least gilded his fall, and seemed to set him distinct and apart from the common herd. In a certain sense it is clear that Hartley Coleridge's friends could not help, not only loving him, but being proud of him. Not that this natural sentiment—for natural it is that men should always be proud of intellectual power in those belonging to them—has led to any results we need complain of. The brother has performed his task honestly as well as lovingly, with true feeling and delicacy, and yet with no desire to extenuate the guilt itself. A perfectly impartial hand would

probably have given the unhappy propensity a greater prominence in the narrative, but the rapid confession once for all—whispered as it were in the ear of each reader—which we have instead, has perhaps as great a moral influence. It will be felt that a brother, however stern a moralist, may well excuse himself from any lengthened protest against a vice which all men agree to condemn. Fraternal affection places him in the position of an apologist; the moral aspect of the question being understood, his sense of the abstract guilt of habits of intemperance being taken for granted, he has to make the best case he can in the individual instance of which he has to treat. There can be no possible objection to this. We are all so far in the position of the biographer; charity requires us to think the best we can of the sinner, while we abhor the sin; only this general rule includes a wide range, and does not allow us to indulge in choice and selection; it carries us beyond the eccentric genius who seems to have two distinct beings, the lofty and the degraded; the first being the one on whom our thoughts involuntarily rest; and includes the poor unfortunate to whom low propensities are more natural, whose reasoning powers are feeble, who has no capability for merely intellectual gratifications, who, if he has sunk deep, at least has known no pure philosophic heights of thought to teach him contempt for earth-born pleasures. And this we say for our own instruction and remembrance as well as for that of others: for unquestionably the unfortunate subject of the present memoir did possess so many attractions—the picture given is in many points so engaging, he seemed in a sense so separate from the vice that enslaved him, was in man's eyes so little contaminated by it—he was, in fact, so interesting, that the temptation is strong to make an exception in his favor, to judge him by a different law, to make excuses for him on the ground of certain constitutional peculiarities, without reckoning the counterbalancing advantages which his lot embraced; so that there is danger of the sin itself a little receding from our view, insensibly changing from a crime into a misfortune, under the influence of mingled sympathy with his turn of thought, admiration for his talents, pity for his continual remorse, and respect for the unaffected religious feelings which his writings display.

With the safeguard of such precautions we feel that a debt is owing to Mr. Coleridge for not having shrunk from a painful and difficult task. Not only have we a more than commonly interesting memoir, but one more than commonly instructive and suggestive. Richardson's heroine, towards the end of her career, confesses that in her early youth she had proudly hoped to be an example to her sex, but finds at its close that her real use and purpose has been a warning; and it is as a warning that Hartley Coleridge must take his place in our minds—that the thought of him may act as a check to ambitious hopes from youthful promise, as an evidence of the powerlessness of mere intellectual gifts to enable their possessor to sustain any moral elevation, as a proof how unavailing for self-government are mere *thoughts* of religion which do not grow at once into acts.

What propitious genius could shower down a greater confluence of gifts and influences than seemed to surround this child of promise? A father whose rare depth of thought was equalled only by his matchless powers of expression—the eloquent philosopher pouring out benedictions on his first-born—that father's friend the poet of the age, and a poet for all ages, drawing inspiration from the wonderful child, and giving it back in prophecy; a life passed amid the fairest and grandest scenes of nature, far removed from all rude and vulgar associations; and in the child himself a vivid fancy, a keen thoughtfulness, a premature intelligence, hereditary genius, and a heart to love and feel all pure and holy things. What fair-shining, fruitful, long hours of day, what splendours of sun-setting, might not be foretold from so glorious a morning, which yet was obscured by an uglier "cloud," a baser "rack," than the poet could have dreamed of when he sadly pictured degradation! Let no one covet for his darling an exemption from the world's common lot of trials—a hot-house cultivation, a shelter from rude winds and the season's inclemency;—too many immunities from the every-day lot are worse than too few. What was it in the end that this child's life was ushered in by sonnets and fair auguries; that his infant cries were hushed in moonbeams, by nightingale's songs; that his gambols were watched by admiring genius interpreting them into deepest and purest poetry; that wise men pondered over his childish sayings, and speculated on the philosophy in his mysterious doubts and perplexities; that even his dreams were chronicled; and all this not in the inferior vanity which exalts in a prodigy, but from motives which have made the observations and deductions really profitable and important! But it is time to turn from generalities to the subject of our memoir—from regrets at the fall from what might have been, to the picture set before us of what was.

Hartley Coleridge, the eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was born at Clevedon, on the Bristol Channel, on the 19th September, 1796.

The singularity of his appearance, by which he was distinguished through life, and which, together with the shortness of his stature, (possibly attributable in some measure to his premature birth,) had a marked influence upon the formation of his character, was apparent from the first, though he grew up to be a pretty and engaging child. His father, in the exquisite poem, entitled "Frost at Midnight," addresses him as his "Babe so beautiful."

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My Babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look on thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore
And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely, but the sky and stars.
But thou, my Babe, shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags; so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in Himself.
Great universal Teacher! He shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

His childhood proved to the highest degree susceptible of such influences; as his brother says—"By nature as well as circumstances he was the poet-child of a poet-father." The first anecdote of his conscious babyhood does justice to his high lineage. When he was first taken to London, being then a child in arms, and saw the lamps, he exclaimed, "Oh! now I know what the stars are; they are lamps that have been good upon earth, and have gone up into heaven."

Hartley was four years old when his father removed from the south to Cumberland. Greta Hall, well known as the residence of Robert Southey, was then building by Mr. Jackson, of whom mention is made in Southey's life. It was originally planned that Coleridge should share this house with him—an arrangement which had a great influence on Hartley's childhood, for when his father's health obliged him to leave the north, and Southey took his friend's place at Greta Hall, the child was left under the same roof with his gifted uncle, and in the direct charge of Mr. Jackson and his housekeeper, who had become devotedly attached to him, and we may infer, spoiled him by "unlimited indulgence." That he was a remarkable child at this time, filling those who watched him with mingled love and hope and fear—any thoughts, in fact, but plans of commonplace discipline and good management—we may learn from the beautiful lines of Wordsworth, not too celebrated or well known to have a place when their subject himself is before us.

TO H. C.—SIX YEARS OLD.

O thou! whose fancies from afar are brought;
Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,
And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol;
Thou fairy voyager! that dost float
In such clear water that thy boat
May rather seem
To brood on air than on an earthly stream;
Suspended on a stream as clear as sky,
Where earth and heaven do make one imagery;
O blessed Vision! happy Child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.
I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And Grief, uneasy lover! never rest,
But when she sat within the touch of thee.
O too industrious folly!
O vain and causeless melancholy!
Nature will either end thee quite;
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.
What hast to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow?
Thou art a dew-drop which the morn brings forth,
Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;
A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no fore-warning gives;
But at the touch of wrong, without a strife
Slips in a moment out of life.—Wordsworth.

These lines seem to have had an almost haunting effect on those who watched the after life of this "fairy voyager;" as they saw how the character of his childhood never left him, and what was enchanting in infancy grew into something strange and mis-shapen from being retained beyond the

fresh period of unthinking infancy. For everything is beautiful in his time, and childhood cannot be protracted into youth, (except in the innocence which characterizes it;) its purposeless, wandering, merely impulsive being cannot be retained beyond the natural term, without implying some weakness, either in the will or the constitution of the mind. What Hartley's singular powers of mind were at this time, we learn from an extract from Mr. Henry Crabb Robinson's Diary.

Afterwards stepped to Charles Lamb's. Coleridge there. A short but interesting conversation on German metaphysics. C. related some curious anecdotes of his son Hartley, whom he represented to be a most remarkable child, a deep thinker in his infancy. He tormented himself in his attempts to solve the problems that would equally torment the full-grown man, if the world and its cares and pleasures did not distract his attention. Hartley, when about five years old, was asked a question about himself being called Hartley. "Which Hartley?" asked the boy. "Why! is there more than one Hartley?" "Yes," he replied, "there's a deal of Hartleys." "How so?" "There's Picture-Hartley," (Haslett had painted a portrait of him,) "and Shadow-Hartley, and there's Echo-Hartley, and there's Catch-me-fast-Hartley;" at the same time seizing his own arm with the other hand very eagerly, an action which shows that his mind must have been drawn to reflect on what Kant calls the great and inexplicable mystery, viz., that a man should be both his own subject and object, and that these two should be one.

At the same early age, continued Coleridge, Hartley used to be in agony of thought, puzzling himself about the reality of existence. As when some one said to him "It is not now; but it is to be." "But," said he, "if it is to be, it is." Perhaps this confusion of thought lay not merely in the imperfection of language. Hartley, when a child, had no pleasure in things; they made no impression on him till they had undergone a process in his mind, and were become thoughts or feelings.—*Memoir*, p. xxvii.

As Mr. Coleridge says, the tendency to metaphysical inquiry is common in children. Most of us probably can remember when the mysteries of our being—before we had, as it were, got used to existence, and new things were continually presenting themselves to our mind—perplexed us much more than they do now, when we take wonderful things as a matter of course; but also this child was placed very much in circumstances to encourage this habit of thought. What are called hereditary tendencies are as often derived after our birth, through the simple agency of the senses, as by the more subtle influence which is generally understood by the expression; and seeds of certain trains of thought may be, and probably often are, laid at an age too early for those that plant them to have any idea of what they are doing. The conversation that would greet Hartley's infant ears would be of a metaphysical character, and he might catch the knack of it long before he could follow in any direct sense the meaning of the words spoken. Possibly it may not be well for children to hear much deep talk, if, that is, they have any turn for understanding it, for in most instances there is a native healthful power of resistance and rejection of what is hard and crabbed, which protects from this danger. It needs a mature mind, and a will and principles confirmed and strengthened by direct precept and simple uninquiring faith, to stand the shock of metaphysics, that analyzing of facts and principles and motives, which seems so often to remove the hard, strong lines of demar-

cation between good and evil, and make a debatable ground of palliations, affinities, excuses, and detractions, obscuring the path which seemed at a distance so clear; as natural philosophers lose their disgust for what is revolting to the uneducated senses, in their skill in resolving every hateful sight of decomposition, each evil odor, to the chemical elements of which it is composed. It is well that we should learn to love what is cleanly, and hate what is foul and impure, before we attain knowledge, good and true in itself, but neither good nor true to us, if it interferes with our distinct appreciation of cleanliness and impurity, or abates one tittle of our love and abhorrence for these antagonistic qualities. The habit, as an exercise of the understanding, did not grow upon him; his childhood and boyhood were rather distinguished by fancy and invention; such invention, that is, as a child is capable of, which is more a rapid adaptation of all newly-acquired knowledge to his purpose than anything really original; a talent only remarkable in the degree in which he possessed it, in the hold it had over him, to the literal confusion to his own mind between fact and fiction, and, above all, in the power he possessed of conveying his dreams to others in clear, animated language. We will not suspect our readers of forgetting their own childhood so far, or suppose it to have been so dull and uninspired, as to apologize for introducing them to the fairy land of this young genius, as recorded by his brother, and thus giving each one an opportunity of comparing it with his own.

The autumn of the year, (1807, when Hartley was ten or eleven years old,) he spent at Bristol with his maternal grandmother, where he joined his mother, his little sister, and myself. It is now that my own recollections of my brother begin to be distinct and continuous. From this time for the next eight years—how large a portion of those first twenty years, which have been truly said to constitute a full half of the longest life!—I was his constant companion at home and at school, at work and at play, if he could ever have been said to have played; by day and by night we read together, talked together, slept together. Thus I became the depositary of all his thoughts and feelings, and in particular of that strange dream of life, which, as above mentioned, he led in the cloud land of his fancy. It will not be thought strange if I linger over this period, the most remarkable, and, as it proved, by far the happiest of his mortal existence; nor, considering the object of this narrative, do I think an apology necessary for the following details. At a very early period of his childhood, of which he had himself a distinct though visionary remembrance, he imagined himself to foresee a time when, in a field that lay close to the house in which he lived, a small cataract would burst forth, to which he gave the name of Jug-force. The banks of the stream thus created soon became populous—a region—a realm; and, as the vision spread in ever-widening circles, it soon overflowed as it were the narrow spot in which it was originally generated, and Jugforia, disguised under the less familiar appellation of Ejuxria, became an island continent, with its own attendant isles—a new Australia, or newest Sea-land—if it were not rather a reflection of old Europe projected from the clouds on some wide ocean somewhere. * * * Taken as a whole, the Ejuxrian world presented a complete analogon to the world of fact, so far as it was known to Hartley, complete in all its parts: furnishing a theatre and scene of action, with *dramatis persone* and suitable machinery, in which day after day for the space of long years he went on evolving the complicated drama of existence. There were many nations,

continental and insular, each with its separate history, civil, ecclesiastical, and literary; its forms of religion and government, and specific national character. * * When at length a sense of unreality was forced upon him, and he felt himself obliged to account for his knowledge of and connection with this distant land, he had a story (borrowed from the "Arabian Nights") of a great bird, by which he was transported to and fro. But he resorted to these explanations with reluctance, and got out of them as quickly as possible. Once I asked him how it came that his absence on these occasions was not observed, but he was angry and mortified, and I never repeated the experiment.—*Memoir*, p. xxxv.

Looking back upon the strength of the illusion which seemed to possess him, and his unwillingness to believe it a dream, we may feel that in these lay whatever danger there might be in yielding to such fancies. Most children, as we have said, have a region of their own to expatiate in; but the healthy, vigorous mind, knows when it is indulging in illusions, and likes them because they are illusions over which it has unlimited power and mastery, which it can take up and lay down at will. It is best too, we believe, for this region of fancy to be a secret possession—a treasure held within the inmost mind, which bashfulness, and, indeed, the absence of all temptation to seek a confidant, must keep forever closed from the outer world, with something of the same sense of snugness and exclusiveness which made the garden of the poet seem so charming:—

And what alone did all the rest surpass,
The sweet possession of the fairy place;
Single and conscious to myself alone,
Of pleasures to the excluded world unknown.

Not, of course, but that such things must be according to the natural temperament, and no checking or suppression of fancies from without could avail for the want of that native reserve we are advocating. But to return to this *terra incognita*:—

In truth, I was willingly beguiled. His usual mode of introducing the subject was, "Derwent," calling me by my name, (for these disclosures in latter years were made to me alone,) "I have had letters and papers from Ejuxria;" then came his budget of news, with appropriate reflections, his words flowing on in an exhaustless stream, and his countenance bearing witness to the inspiration—shall I call it?—by which he was agitated. Nothing could exceed the seriousness of his manner, and doubtless of his feeling. He was, I am persuaded, utterly unconscious of invention; and if the early age in which this power was exercised be remarkable, the late period to which it was continued was not less so. I have reason to believe that he continued the habit mentally from time to time after he left school, and of course had no longer a confidant—in this, as in many other ways, continuing a child.—*Memoir*, p. 39.

Another witness to this habit of mind is found in the recollections of a still earlier age; recorded by Mrs. Basil Montagu, who says in a letter of recent date:—

He was a most extraordinary child, exhibiting at six years old the most surprising talent for invention. At eight years of age he had found a spot upon the globe which he peopled with an imaginary nation, gave them a name, a language, laws, and a senate, where he framed long speeches, which he translated, he said, for my benefit, and for the benefit of my neighbors, who climbed the garden wall to listen to this surprising child, whom they supposed to be reciting pieces from memory. About this time he wrote a tragedy, and, being at a loss in winding up the catas-

trophe, applied to his father, who excited his indignation by treating the matter too lightly, when he said "he should inform the public that the only bad lines in the tragedy were written by Mr. Coleridge senior!" He called this nation the "Ejuxria;" and one day, when walking very pensively, I asked him what ailed him, he said, "My people are too fond of war, and I have just made an eloquent speech to the senate, which has not made any impression on them, and to war they will go."—*Memoir*, p. 33.

His seriousness, amusing as it must have been at the time, and contrasting him favorably, to ordinary observers, from the common run of children, had no doubt to do with the unreal, unpractical part of his character; he seemed not to be able to distinguish between reality and pretence. As we have said, children should know the ground they tread on; fancy should be fancy, play should be play with them as with their elders. In the common sense of the word, his brother says he never played. At first sight, it is remarkable that this should be said emphatically of the man who in after life never worked, i. e., never steadily pursued or carried through any undertaking. But any one who watches children at play will understand how the practical element of the character is developed in it. Every thought is there acted upon and worked out. It is the very reverse of mere talk and theory. Mimic business in fact—the fun lying in its not being real business—is the subject-matter of play, and, much more than book-learning—we do not speak of application—trains and qualifies the mind to take its place in life, and do the external work set before it. But why dwell on these thoughts, when there is so little practical to be done? It is hard to make a serious child a merry one, or to persuade a boy into being fond of play who does not by nature like it; he will creep back to his dreams and his books in spite of our well-meant endeavors; and much more would it be vain and worse than useless to establish in our own mind any rigid standard, the departure from which shall cast shadows and forebodings over any harmless peculiarity of mind, which it is impossible to change or reduce to our ideal; but the lesson which we believe may be learnt from the instance before us is, to desire for our children a full measure of ordinary gifts, rather than more brilliant extraordinary ones—to cultivate in them the qualities natural to their age, more than others which seem to go beyond them—and to be fully satisfied when we see them children in the simplest sense of the word, without longing for premature evidence of intellect. For even taking the lowest ground—which to a Christian worldly ambition ought to appear—ordinary gifts are more important to the formation of a great character than extraordinary; a man to be great must possess all the qualities in full development of our common nature—there must be this foundation of brotherhood and sympathy with universal man, on which superadd as many peculiar powers as you please. But universal qualities are the wood and stone of the human temple; they must be reared symmetrically, before the painting and sculpture, the gold and gems, can be seen as they ought to be, and without these fitly joined together we can make no harmonious display of our fine things; while the solid structure of ordinary humanity we have pictured is comparatively independent of its costly decorations, and may form a very fine building without them. All are ready to grant this when men have reached maturity; but children are estimated, and perhaps

unavoidably so, by what they can *do*—what their capabilities are; and thus arises the constant disappointment in clever children—a disappointment unjust to them, for they really fulfil their promise. But men will not learn by experience, they will suppose that a child's cleverness promises too much. We look for the crowning power of *manliness* to come as it were of course, and are surprised to find the clever boy grow up only clever, in no sense our ideal of a man, and passed in the race by his less brilliant and forward companion, whose youth had attracted no attention because he was only a *boy*, of whom nothing could be said but that he had the qualities characteristic of a boy, *i. e.*, which a boy ought to have; which, however, grow into the qualities that a man ought not to be without. In this view, a boy's companions, in their estimate of him, often prove much truer prophets than his teachers, unless their acquaintance with him is intimate, and their observation extended beyond the school-room. But to return.

It is remarkable that invention, for which his childhood seemed most distinguished, ceased to be his characteristic as life advanced. His original turn of thought and expression found utterance in treating of the actual, not in framing a world of their own. When it was forced upon him that his "*Ejuxria*" was not real, he cared no longer for such regions. The one tale of fancy which his poems contains is not to our minds happily conceived, "*Leonard and Susan*," belonging neither to nature nor the imagination, and the incidents being at once hackneyed and improbable. Nor did his premature devotion to politics in his ideal world have more permanent influence over his tastes. The mind that in infancy was full of senates and armies, and dreamed of ruling nations, found its most fitting and congenial exercise in after life in purely speculative subjects, and matters of taste; or in dwelling with fond remorseful love on the yet unstained innocence of childhood; the charms of domestic life, from which he felt himself excluded, the influence of nature and friendship, which through all his deviations held their sway over him; and in religious musings and self-questionings; unreal, perhaps, so far as they ended in themselves, but genuine and expressive, and containing many a useful lesson, as well as pathetic plea for our own interest and sympathy.

When the age for school came, the two brothers were placed as day-scholars under the tuition of the Rev. John Dawes, of Ambleside, of whom Mr. Coleridge gives a warm eulogy. They were lodged at a hamlet, a mile from the town, for the sake of being near their father's friend, Charles Lloyd, whose sons were their school-fellows.

Domestic supervision, or at least control, we had none; we lived with an elderly woman, the daughter of a Westmoreland *statesman*, and her son, a man of some education, originally intended "for the Church," but now a malster, who, in a rough, simple way, took good care of us, and to whom we became much attached. But our freedom out of school hours was unlimited; our play-place was the hill-side, the river bank, or the broad bosom of the lake, and our bounds the farthest point to which our inclinations led, or our strength would carry us. Some time afterwards, we were joined by two companions, sons of a Liverpool merchant, who had built a house in Grasmere; and certain it is that the license we enjoyed, however perilous it might have been under other circumstances, was never abused during the whole time it lasted, some eight or nine years, by any one of the party.

No harm came of it either to body or mind, but, as I believe, much good to both. My brother, however, employed his liberty in a very different way from any of his school-fellows—he never played. He was, indeed, incapable of the adroitness and presence of mind required in the most ordinary sports. His uncle (Southey) used to tell him that he had two left hands. Hence, he was much alone, passing his time in reading, walking, dreaming to himself, or talking his dreams to others. One friend he had, a resident in the town, not a school-fellow, Robert Jameson, to whom he afterwards addressed a series of beautiful sonnets, but, with this exception, he had, strictly speaking, no mates, and formed no friendships. He stood apart, admired and beloved by all, but without intimacy. He could do nothing with or for his school-fellows, except to construe their lessons and to tell them tales.

In the latter capacity, he stood, I believe, quite alone. Other boys may have displayed more invention, and perhaps greater originality, though none such have come under my own observation; but what he did, his achievement, if I may so express myself, as a story-teller was unique. It was not by a series of tales, but by one continuous tale, regularly evolved, and possessing a real unity, that he enchained the attention of his auditors, night after night, as we lay in bed, (for time and place, as well as the manner in which he carried out his witchery, might have been adopted from Scherezade,) for a space of years, and not unfrequently for hours together. This enormous romance, far exceeding in length, I should suppose, the compositions of Calprenede, Scudery or Richardson, though delivered without premeditation, had a progressive story, with many turns and complications, with salient points returning at intervals, with a suspended interest varying in intensity, and occasionally wrought up to a very high pitch, and at length a final catastrophe and conclusion. Whether, in the sense of Aristotle, it could be said to have a beginning, a middle, and an end; whether there was perfect consistency and subordination of parts, I will not trust my recollection to decide. There was certainly a great variety of persons sharply characterized, who appeared on the stage in combination, and not merely in succession. In the conception of these, my impression is that very considerable power was evinced. He spoke without hesitation in language as vivid as it was flowing. This power of improvisation he lost, or conceived himself to lose, when he began the practice of written composition. The moral of the tale, though neither very original nor particularly edifying, was characteristic both of himself and of the time. It turned upon the injustice of society, and the insufficiency of conventional morals to determine the right or wrong of particular actions.—*Memoir*, p. 1.

This remarkable power did not set him much above his school-fellows in acquiring the art of written composition, which he had to *learn*, as others must, "his peculiar powers seeming to have been suspended during the operation;" but what cost him pains he retained, and his style, the result of labor and study, was very felicitous, which perhaps modes of writing acquired readily, seldom are. The singular advantage of this period, indeed of the whole period of his youth, has yet to be dwelt upon, if seeming advantages can be numbered as such in his case.

It was among the advantages never to be forgotten of our school days, that we had the opportunity of constant intercourse with Mr. Wordsworth and his family. It was in the library at Allan Bank, in the vale of Grasmere, where the great bard at that time resided, that Hartley carried on his English studies, and acquired, in a desultory manner, a taste for literary acquirements, and no inconsiderable amount of knowledge. This privilege was continued after Mr. Words-

worth had removed his residence to Rydal. It was at this early period that he became acquainted with the poet, now Professor Wilson, then residing at his beautiful seat, Elleray, on the banks of Windermere, who became from that time, and continued to the last, one of his kindest friends. In his later years my brother looked back upon the hours he spent at Elleray as among the happiest of his life. He has himself recorded the pleasure and profit which he derived from his visits at New Brathay, the seat of John Harding, Esq., a gentleman of varied accomplishments, and most engaging manners. * * * His intercourse with Lloyd was neither less delightful nor less instructive. It was so, rather than by a regular course of study, that he was educated;—by desultory reading, by the living voice of Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth, Lloyd, Wilson and de Quincy—and again, by homely familiarity with town's folk and country folk, of every degree; lastly, by daily recurring hours of solitude;—by lonely wanderings with the murmurs of the Brathay in his ear.—*Memoirs*, p. lv.

"It will surely be asked," continues his biographer, "what came of this?" in entering, as he now must, on the painful part of his history, "not without great searchings of heart." From 1814, when Hartley left school, the brothers were separated, and only met for short periods, and at long intervals for the rest of their lives. Mr. Coleridge ceases therefore to speak from his own memory, and is dependent for the rest of his account on his brother's private memoranda, and the information of others. The following remarks in closing his own personal recollections imply, we think, more than he himself seems to infer, that Hartley's character permanently suffered for want of early discipline. The liberty of their early school days, though it resulted in no errors or excesses which needed correction, no doubt fostered that impatience of constraint which he describes, and those other morbid indications of want of self-control. The intercourse with gifted men which distinguished his boyhood, while it developed certain faculties, perhaps prematurely, in no way acted instead of *authority*. There seems to have been wanting the salutary check to his own excitable nature of a will more powerful than his own, which, without the direct sense of constraint, would force him, by the bonds of habit and affection, to follow its dictates, and not leave him at that critical period to follow unconstrained the impulse of each moment. Yet it is true, as his brother says, that subsequent events alone suggest such reflections. The history of his boyhood, as it stands alone, is certainly an attractive one, and he must have been bent on evil prophecies who could have foretold so sad a conclusion to it.

A word before I proceed, of one serious import. My brother's life at school was so blameless, he seemed, and was, not merely so simple, tender-hearted and affectionate, but so truthful, dutiful and thoughtful—so religious, if not devout, that, if his after years had run in a happier course, the faults of his boyhood might well have been overlooked, and nothing seen but that which promised good. An eye sharpened for closer observation may in the retrospect descry the shadow of the coming cloud. A certain infirmity of will, the specific evil of his life, had already shown itself. His sensibility was intense, and he had not where-withal to control it. He could not open a letter without trembling; he shrank from mental pain; he was beyond measure impatient of constraint. He was liable to paroxysms of rage, often the disguise of pity, self-accusation, or other painful emotion—anger it

could hardly be called—during which he bit his arm or finger violently. He yielded, as it were, unconsciously to slight temptations, slight in themselves, and slight to him, as if swayed by a mechanical impulse apart from his own volition. It looked like an organic defect—a congenital imperfection. I do not offer this as an explanation. There are mysteries in our moral nature upon which we can only pause and doubt.—*Memoir*, p. lix.

By the help of friends and relations, who came forward through Mr. Southey's intervention, Hartley, a year after leaving school, went to Oxford as scholar or post-master of Merton, his father being at this time in no condition to afford his son any pecuniary assistance. There remains little record of his early college life, but mention is made of college friendships of that period which did honor to his choice, and from one of these friends we have the first mention of those rare conversational powers into which the improvisations of his boyhood issued. In a letter from the Rev. Alexander Dyce, dated 1849, we read:—

If I had known Hartley later in his career, perhaps something painful might have mingled with my recollections of him; but I remember him only as a young man who possessed an intellect of the highest order, with great simplicity of character, and considerable oddity of manner.

His extraordinary powers as a converser (or rather a declaimer) procured for him numerous invitations to what are called at Oxford "wine parties." He knew that he was expected to talk, and talking was his delight. Leaning his head on one shoulder, turning up his dark bright eyes, and swinging backwards and forwards in his chair, he would hold forth by the hour, (for no one wished to interrupt him,) on whatever subject might have been started—either of literature, politics, or religion—with an originality of thought, a force of illustration, and a facility and beauty of expression, which I question if any man then living, except his father, could have surpassed.

I have reason to believe that this display of eloquence did him some harm eventually at the university. Reports were rife that he was fond of inveighing against all establishments, (a more unpardonable of fence than his having been seen in his cap and gown buying a pennyworth of apples from an old woman in Oriol lane,) and very probably he *had* given cause for such reports being spread abroad by matter-of-fact persons, who could not distinguish between what he said when truth was his sole object, and what he uttered when he declaimed merely to show his ingenuity in argument. I have little doubt he was no more serious in those supposed attacks on "Church and State," than he was when he maintained (as I have heard him do) that ages of darkness would again prevail in Europe, to the destruction of literature and the arts, (a catastrophe which the discovery of printing has rendered impossible;) or when he gravely asserted that, for all we know, *dogs may have a language of smell*, and that what is to our organs a very disagreeable odor, may be to canine organs a most beautiful poem.—*Memoir*, p. lxiiv.

The poet calls beauty "*donno infelice*," the unhappy gift; but its temptations, as far as experience shows us, are small compared to those which attend the gift of the tongue—a ready flow of eloquent expression. It is hard to say anything against fine talking—the most enchanting of all accomplishments—the most invigorating of all refreshments and relaxations to the listener, and a perfectly lawful exercise of the understanding, if kept within due bounds, to the imparting of this high pleasure. Yet we would ask our readers, each in his own sphere, if he has ever known man or

woman celebrated as a talker without being manifestly the worse for it, and failing conspicuously, and evidently from this cause, in one or more of the most important duties of his or her station. There is something in the power of enchaining the attention of others, of carrying them along, of moving, persuading, convincing at will, by the immediate contact of oral intercourse, which, as man is constituted, proves to be one of the most dangerous of all gifts—one which has the most direct tendency to separate words from deeds, thought from action—to reduce all those faculties which were designed to enlighten the path of duty to mere engines of barren display. Many reasons may be found for this, the fact being, however unwillingly, granted; but this is not the place for a lengthened treatise on the abuse of the tongue—not that tediously profuse exercise of it which brought down Bishop Butler's reprehension in one of the wittiest pieces of gravity, or gravest specimens of wit, which perhaps our language affords; but on the more brilliant abuse of this member—the indifference it engenders to perfect truth, in the aim to produce present effect, or in mere wanton exercise of sway over the mind of the listener, showing how easily right and wrong may be made to change places by those who have the skill to do it—and in the consequent vanity which makes the man of many words in his turn swayed by the applause and sympathy of others, instead of by the dictates of conscience, and the approbation of his own heart. In the particular instance before us, however, his brother exonerates him from the charge of want of purpose, if we may so consider it, in his friend's account of his undergraduate disquisitions; his invectives against establishments were no mere oratorical displays, but the abiding thoughts of his heart.

Though far from a destructive in politics, he was always keenly alive to what he supposed to be the evils and abuses of the existing state of things both in Church and State; while he remained constant in his allegiance to what he believed to be the essentials of both. He was neither a high churchman nor a high tory; but views similar to his, in many particulars, have since been adopted by a class of ardent and generous reformers who claim both names. On these points his creed was early formed, and never changed. It differed in some important points from mine, which I mention, once for all, to prevent misapprehension. On all subjects he spoke his mind, often through whim or impatience, more than his mind freely, without regard to consequences. This, at the time of which we are speaking, helped to bring him into trouble. Soon afterwards he bought the privilege of impunity at a very dear rate.—*Memoirs*, p. lvi.

Few of our readers, probably, are ignorant to what this allusion refers, for poor Hartley Coleridge's errors and their consequences were distinguished by an unusual publicity. But we have not yet arrived at this painful conclusion of his Oxford career. In his examination for his degree he passed with credit, being placed in the second class as a sort of compromise amongst the examiners, some of whom would have given him a first, in consideration of his evident talent and varied knowledge, while others saw such deficiencies in his scholarship as only merited a fourth. The distinctions that examiners can bestow were, however, dear to him only so far as they could win him the approbation and notice of a very different tribunal. It was one of the young poet's peculiarities—or must we call it weaknesses!—to desire ardently to “stand well in the opinion of the other

sex.” If it was carried to the point of weakness it was at best an amiable and attractive one, and is evidenced by so much simple and pure unselfish feeling, as constitutes one of the great charms of his poetry, and of such indications of his domestic life as are given to us. The singularity of his person, and his subsequent irregularities, precluded the hope to his sensitive mind of any return of this sentiment. Once or twice, “in brief periods of dear delusion,” this feeling centred in a particular object, but never found expression to the object of his particular regard. The habit of his mind was rather to be in love with the fair and good qualities of the gentler sex wherever he saw them; and in return the ladies seem to have felt for him that sympathizing compassion and regard which, as far as human influence could have power, had most sway over him. He valued this general kindness for what it was worth, but it could not satisfy such yearnings as are conveyed constantly in his writings for a particular exclusive regard, and are feelingly expressed in the following lines:—

The earliest wish I ever knew
Was woman's kind regard to win;
I felt it long ere passion grew,
Ere such a wish could be a sin.

And still it lasts; the yearning ache
No cure has found, no comfort known;
If she did love, 't was for my sake,
She could not love me for her own.

Poems, p. 43.

Connected with this sentiment was a certain morbid vanity alternately taking the aspect of love of display and craving for sympathy, which his brother attributes to the singularities of his mind and constitution throwing him back upon himself in undue self-contemplation. Of this he has shown an amusing consciousness in the following confession, written in after years, but which we place here in connection with his Oxford career.

I very much doubt the expediency of English verse prizes at the universities. That the poems produced on these occasions are not always of first-rate excellence is no great objection; but the train of feeling they induce is alien from the course of academical study, and the public recitation before the assembled beauties of commencements and commemorations, is too intoxicating for any but mathematical heads to bear. I verily believe that I should have gone crazy, silly-mad with vanity, had I obtained the prize for my “Horses of Lysippus.” It was almost the only occasion in my life wherein I was keenly disappointed, for it was the only one upon which I felt any confident hope. I had made myself very sure of it, and the intelligence that not I, but Macdonald, was the lucky man, absolutely stupefied me. Yet I contrived for a time to lose all sense of my own misfortunes, in exultation for Burton's success. Poor, dear Burton! how calmly he took it, rejoicing chiefly in the pleasure his honors would afford to his mother and sister; though perhaps another, whom he mentioned not, was not less in his heart. The truth is, I was *fea*. I sung, I danced, I whistled, I leapt, I ran from room to room, announcing the great tidings, and tried to persuade even myself that I cared nothing at all for my own case. But it would not do. It was bare sands with me next day. It was not the mere loss of the prize, but the feeling or phantasy of an adverse destiny. I was as one who discovers that his familiar, to whom he has sold himself, is a deceiver. I foresaw that all my aims and hopes would prove frustrate and abortive; and from that time I date my downward declension, my impotence of will, and melancholy recklessness. It was the first time I sought relief from wine,

which, as usual in such cases, produced not so much intoxication as downright madness.

My failures in two succeeding trials produced no such ill effects. They made me glumpy and despondent; but that was all. Still I believe success, which I was once within an ace of, would have upset the little discretion I ever possessed; not that the simple reputation of making a fair copy of verses would have exalted me in my own opinion, though I was not then aware how very common is the talent of spinning something more like real poetry than any I had then achieved. But the exhibition in the rostrum would have been too much. I had always a girlish love of display; and it was not till some years after that I acquired the counterbalance of a more than girlish timidity of observation. I had a passion for spouting, which, had I not been conscious of a diminutive and ungainly exterior, might have tempted me to try my fortune on the boards. Above all, I had an intense and incessant craving for the notice of females, with a foreboding consciousness that I was never fashioned for a ladies' man. My perverse vanity made me take mere indifference for absolute aversion; and I fancied that all this antipathy would be changed into beaming, sunshiny admiration, should I appear in the irresistible character of prize-man, as a reciter of intelligible poetry, and it is not unlikely that I should have been an object for a few days of some curiosity to the fair promenaders of Christ Church Meadow; while the dear creatures with whom I was on bowing and speaking terms, might have felt a satisfaction in being known to me, which they had never experienced before. A great poet I should not have imagined myself, for I knew well enough that the verses were no great things. Except the first copy, I never thought much of them. But I should have deemed myself a prodigious lion, and it was a character I was weak enough to covet more than that of poet, scholar, or philosopher.

Yet in my longing for the general good graces of the sex, I was not solely intoxicated by vanity. I conceived, and I believe I was not far wrong, that any woman in particular will give her affections more readily to a man who is a favorite with women in general, than to one who is voted a quiz or a bore.—*Memoir*, p. lxxxiii.

It is very common to misname vanity simplicity, to attribute to guilelessness what is no other than a love of talking of self at all hazards. The passage we have quoted is certainly remarkable as a true union of the two qualities, a closer blending of them than we often find. But introspective poets, accustomed to derive their inspiration from within, and to searching intellectual examination, possibly come to regard their weaknesses more as interesting curiosities for inquiry than things to be ashamed of. Men in general are subject to vanity, but are ashamed of it as of something that makes them feel small when detected; they blush in secret over the absurdities into which it has led them when forced to own it to themselves. The observant poet, however, if he own it for vanity at all, as those who have humor and that knowledge of human nature which goes along with it, must do, is too much engaged with the phenomenon to blush for it, and is pleased to get at the bottom of his sensations; for vanity, however universal, is yet a thing to wonder at, both when we coldly and contemptuously speculate upon it in others, or tingle with hot shame for the follies it has led ourselves into. It is certainly not connected always with consciousness of merit, for this feeling is often content with its own individual esteem; and we believe it will be found that persons do not generally show their vanity in what is really their strong point. It is not so much a value for self, as a

desire that others should give credit for certain qualities which the inmost heart may know itself without, a longing to be persuaded into a higher estimate than unassisted sense and candor will allow a man to indulge in. Hartley Coleridge knew that these verses were no great things; few persons had a more correct estimate of their poetical powers than he possessed; but he hoped others would think them what they were not, and he wished to be a lion. He wished to be seen, and yet was conscious all the while that his person was not one suited for the display he coveted. There are histories of Goldsmith and of Christian Andersen exactly analogous to this longing for mere publicity, and in both the same curious humorous simplicity in relating their past sensations. No doubt it is only an excess of that feeling which is part of the poetical constitution, of that necessity for sympathy which forces the poet into expression. He must speak or die; he must have listeners; he must impart his thoughts, or his fire consumes him. He is so far dependent on others in a way that common men are not; he ceases to be his own master; and so, in the gift of genius, as of grace, the greatest becomes the servant of all. It is no small counterbalance for the possession of the "faculty divine," that the transition is so easy and so tempting from the poet's theme to himself—from the desire, which of necessity rules him, that the ideas which occupy himself should make themselves a home in other kindred minds, to the craving for a place for *self* in those minds, and a restless curiosity to know how large that place is. While we lament it, or smile over it, we should still regard it as the result, through want of severe self-discipline, of that sensibility which is the great engine of the poet's power, and of a susceptible organization which, while it contributes to our pleasure, is too often a source of restlessness and misery to its possessor. Of this temperament Hartley Coleridge was an especial instance, of whom his brother says:—

But this vanity, while it led him to what he calls a "girlish love of display," was but the efflorescence of a deeper feeling. What lay at the root was an intense craving for sympathy, rendered anxious by a melancholy temperament and exaggerated sense of his own peculiarities. This melancholy—of which moody depression and extravagant hilarity, a *humorous* sadness and a humorous mirth, are but (as S. T. Coleridge would have said) opposite poles—was displayed before any outward event had occurred to excite and to deepen it; sometimes, as we have seen, in obscure forebodings of evil to come; more commonly in a fitful, chimerical, affectionate drollery; such was the form which it took in his loving nature, which continued through life, and by which, perhaps, he will be most frequently remembered by his friends.—*Memoir*, p. lxxvii.

But it is time to return to our narrative, with which, however, these constitutional peculiarities are essentially concerned. Not long after taking his degree he was elected Fellow of Oriel, after a highly successful examination. Indeed, his talents were of a kind peculiarly suiting him for that ordeal, and to take his place amongst the original writers and thinkers of Oriel in its palmy days. We must give the sad conclusion of this history in the words of the *Memoir* itself:—

A proud and a happy day it was for me, and for all of us, when these tidings reached us. Obviously unfit for the ordinary walks of professional life, he had earned for himself an honorable independence, and had found, as it seemed, a position in which he could

exert his peculiar talents to advantage. But a sad reverse was at hand; and, as this in its effects, and yet more perhaps in its causes, overclouded the remainder of his days, permanently affecting not merely his happiness, but his usefulness, my purpose requires that I should not shrink from setting this sorrowful occurrence in its true light, doing that justice which, "nothing extenuating," is yet the truest charity. My brother was formed by nature and circumstance, but for "these unlucky deeds," not merely to delight, but to improve his fellow-men—to make them wiser and better. I trust that, as it is, he will be found to have done something of this kind; that, as an awakener of pregnant thoughts and holy affections, if not as an authoritative guide of opinion, he may continue in his degree a living power for good. I seek so to explain and to account for the anomalies of his outward life, as to leave this power, so far as may be, unimpaired. I would show, what I believe to be most true, that the deeper issues of his soul still sent forth sweet waters, which flowed on to the end strangely unmingled with the bitter. But to return.

At the close of his probationary year he was judged to have forfeited his Oriol fellowship, on the ground, mainly, of intemperance. Great efforts were made to reverse the decision. He wrote letters to many of the fellows. His father went to Oxford to see and to expostulate with the provost. It was in vain. The specific charges might have been exaggerated. Palliations and excuses might have been found for the particular instances in which they were established. A life singularly blameless in other respects, dispositions the most amiable, principles and intentions the most upright and honorable, might be pleaded as a counterpoise in the opposite scale. It was to no purpose. The sentence might be considered severe, it could not be said to be unjust; and, alas! my poor brother did not take the only course which could have discredited the verdict of his judges. The infirmity, which was thus heavily visited, was not subsequently overcome. As too often happens, the ruin of his fortunes served but to increase the weakness which had caused their overthrow.

The stroke came upon his father, with all the aggravations of surprise, "as a peal of thunder out of a clear sky." I was with him at the time, and have never seen any human being, before or since, so deeply afflicted: not, as he said, by the temporal consequences of his son's misfortunes, heavy as these were, but for the moral offence which it involved.

In order to examine the question it will be necessary for me to go back a step or two in my narrative. I shall have to trace the cause of that tendency (not then by any means habitual, but it is to be feared already sufficiently indicated) to the intemperate use of wine, which constituted at this time his only real delinquency, and which led, in its results, to all the errors and short-comings of his after life.—*Memoir*, p. lxxiii.

And then Mr. Coleridge enters into those peculiarities of his brother's mental and bodily constitution, which we have already dwelt upon. In addition, however, to this one vice, his brother's avowed opinions and general course of conduct at college were calculated to excite just suspicions whether he were likely to promote the interests of his community:—

My brother's freedom of speech, and the undisguised tendency of his opinions, have already been mentioned. His unsuitableness to his position, as a member of a collegiate body, appeared in other ways. On one occasion, when I was with him for a few days, he entertained in his rooms a young man who had made himself obnoxious (justly, I doubt not) to college censures—not from any sympathy with the man, or his pursuits—but from mistaken compassion, and

a strong disposition, not sufficiently controlled by moral considerations, to side with the weaker party. Again, through awkwardness and habitual absence of mind, he was inattentive to forms and inobservant of punctuality; and thus became involved in a maze of petty irregularities, from which he could never extricate himself.—*Memoir*, p. lxxiv.

That it was not only from carelessness, or absence of mind, that he was negligent, we know from his expressed opinion, to be found in his writings, of the more than uselessness, of the evil tendency, of daily attendance on public worship and other religious observances enjoined by college rules. He was in fact opposed to the whole system he sought to become a part of. He says himself, in a letter to his brother, written soon after this event, "From the first moment that I thought of offering myself a candidate, I felt that I was not consulting my own happiness." Again, "To tell the truth, I did not much like the state of a probationer, or submit, as I ought to have done, to a yoke of observances which I sincerely think very absurd, and which I hoped that I had escaped by being made a Fellow." It was a mode of life for which he was wholly unfitted, both in habits and turn of mind, and every reader of his life must entirely acquiesce in the justice and wisdom of the strong measure taken. Yet an act of severity, as such, however distinctly called for and justified by the event, is so repugnant to our nature, (when the passions are not concerned,) and in most cases is attended by so many circumstances which distinguish it from justice in the abstract; the victim, in each separate instance, seems surrounded by so many extenuations, that those nearest him, and in consequence sharers with him in the calamity, must be excused if they cannot cordially acquiesce in the sentence, or resist the wish that the experiment of tenderness and mercy had at least been tried in the case their affections are concerned with. There was nothing, however, to be reasonably hoped from the restraints of academical life in Hartley Coleridge's case; nothing to make us imagine that any checks he could find there would be strong enough to restrain the degrading habit already contracted. In fact, if it is lawful in any sense to call a man, habitually intemperate, a useful member of society, he much nearer reached the honorable title amongst the hills and cotters of Cumberland than he could have done at Oxford. His genius and better instincts were not so swamped in his freer, wilder range, as they would have been under the degrading consciousness of being an object of contempt, and of continually outraging the feelings and principles of the eminent community to which he outwardly belonged. At his cottage in the north he was not excluded from society, as he must have been at Oxford. The college granted him the sum of 300*l.* as some slight indemnity for his pecuniary loss.

He did not immediately give way under his calamity; at first, indeed, he was full of hope and self-confidence; he had not yet learnt his own weakness, and he trusted that in London he should have been able to win position and independence by his pen. It would be a painful task to trace, step by step, the disappointment of these expectations. The cause of his failure lay in himself, not in any want of literary power, of which he had always a ready command, and which he could have made to assume the most popular forms—but he had lost the power of will. His steadiness of purpose was gone, and the motives he had for exertion, imperative as they appeared, were without force.

Necessity acted upon him with the touch of a torpedo. He needed a more genial stimulus. Dreamy as he had always been, he had not hitherto neglected the call of duty. He had shown no want of energy or perseverance either at school or college. Now he gave way to habits of procrastination, from which, except for short intervals, and under favorable circumstances, he did not recover till it was too late. Thus, leaving undone what he wished and continually intended to have done, he shrank from the bitterness of his reflections, which, notwithstanding, continually returned upon him and took the place of action; and though he never deliberately sought relief in wine, yet he was a welcome guest in all societies, and when surprised by consequences, against which he was not sufficiently on his guard, he shrank from the reproaches and yet more from the uncomplaining forgiveness of his friends. This led to a habit of wandering and concealment which returned upon him at uncertain intervals during the middle portion of his life, exposing himself to many hardships, if not dangers, and his friends to sore anxieties. This is the dark side of the picture.

Meanwhile, his conversation and manners preserved all their charm; his temper was most sweet and engaging: he retained not merely his love and admiration for moral beauty and excellence, but a high moral purpose and enlightened creed. His letters were full of wit, and wisdom, and affection. He was still a pure-minded, single-hearted, child-like being in whom every one felt an interest—over whom almost every one was ready to have a care, viewing his aberrations with a peculiar compassion, as if from some mysterious cause he were not fully responsible for his actions. But this did not secure him against self-reproach. In his own sight he was deeply humbled. It was so to the end.—*Memoirs*, p. lxxxviii.

We believe that the true light in which to regard Hartley Coleridge is as a very pure unadulterated specimen of the *theorist*. His propensity was a very degrading and conspicuous one, which was unlucky for his reputation; but may still be looked on as a chance. It was an accident of his constitution that drinking was agreeable to him; and whatever is the theorist's natural propensity he follows; whatever circumstances or habit make easiest and pleasantest to do, that he does, without dreaming of consistency—or rather *only* dreaming of it; for there is no question, however home a one it may seem, that he cannot entertain with satisfaction to himself as a mere subject of speculation.

By a theorist we understand one in whom the divorce has taken place between thought and action—who gives the reins to the merely intellectual faculties, and suffers the will, call it conscience or moral power, to grow weak from want of exercise. Simple people will always express surprise at great abilities not preserving their possessor from error. We constantly hear, amongst persons not accustomed to weigh their words, such expressions—"How strange that so clever a man should do so and so!"—"How wonderful that a man who *knows* so much better should fail so utterly in his duty!" and the like; whereas between this head-knowledge and practice there is, we may almost say, no connexion—certainly no necessary connexion. Great abilities are far more useful in teaching others their duty, and forwarding the interests of religion and morals in the world, than in helping their possessor in the practice of them. Indeed, when once the disruption we have spoken of has taken place, great powers of mind often only help to widen the breach, by blinding the mind to the fact of there being anything beyond; and that talking and thinking are not all we have to do.

Also, the very beauty, order, and completeness of their speculations give them a distaste for action, for when we come to the actual we must have anomalies; there must be hitches and defects—intolerable eyesores to the theorist—who is hence by his very profession a reformer, and a quarreller with all that exists or has existed. From this cause there is a certain precision of symmetrical arrangement in the views of some men, which makes them peculiarly attractive to the young and inexperienced. Being wholly unacquainted with the world of practice, they are never embarrassed or discouraged by a sense of their own failures or short-comings in it, and so they can express themselves with that confidence and security in the strength of their position which is among the most powerful of all the arts of persuasion. Who has not known men of so enlarged a sphere of thought and observation, of such seemingly just opinions, of such freedom from prejudice and conventionalities, of so artless a candor, of a sympathy so engaging, that we have felt their conversation a privilege—we have caught their spirit, they have adapted themselves to ours—the flow is perfect, the charm complete, till some opportunity has occurred to show them in action, and we have found ourselves bewildered to see them, apparently without a consciousness of inconsistency, working in direct opposition to that fair array of principles which we had expected should guide them, on grounds either of interest, or habit, or experience, or inclination; on the impulse of the moment, in fact, not so much forgetting their opinions as never realizing that they are things to be acted upon!

We find that with them theory and practice are two different languages—the mind has to be set in quite a different train for each—a groove which it never slips out of. On this very subject the true theorist can talk eloquently. Hartley Coleridge has many striking thoughts upon it. Indeed, it is hard to catch them at a loss. It is only when we match their sayings with their doings, their words with their actions, their thoughts with what should be the fulfilment of them, that we find how unreal and shadowy the whole structure is, and turn from mind and bright intelligence to him, however limited his powers, whose words do not run faster than their performance, whose dial tells us the hour. The one is a beautiful piece of mechanism, whose index bears no relation to its works; the other a steady-going timepiece, by which the household can safely guide its movements, whose correctness of practice alone shows the excellence of its construction. His sad failures in conduct contrasted with the whole tone of his writings, and what seems to have been also of his conversation, place Hartley Coleridge, we believe, with the class we have been describing. There is one subject on which his biographer vouches for his full sincerity, and in the thought derives no small comfort—a comfort which all his readers must in a degree share with him—we mean, the penitence and remorse which his course of life induced. Very beautifully and pathetically these are often expressed, and doubtless not without true feeling; but a habit of mind cannot be cast off at once, and since these regrets left his fault unamended, we cannot be charged with want of charity in suspecting that even here unreality crept in, erecting a sort of barrier between himself and his very prayers; as though this speculative turn of mind sometimes enabled him to view himself as out of himself—his own very inmost self—his heart of

hearts—his soul—his future happiness or misery being all through this fatal habit discussed as though he surveyed them from without, as though his personal interest in the question were not vital, as if there were some little portion of himself—his speculative self, which would escape the general calamity. The very act of expressing thoughts of this kind accurately and well, with feeling and heart-knowledge, is consolatory. The poet becomes for the time one of the creatures of his fancy—his inventive faculties come in—he knows what he ought to feel, as well as what he does feel, and some confusion of parts may be the consequence. And for this reason we believe that the gift of imagination, which is always taken to aggravate the capability of pain, may have this alleviation, that while it reveals more sources of pain, it makes each one less real. The gift of expression, as we have said, brings with it pleasure in expressing whatever the subject may be, even should it be shame and remorse. The craftsman finds pleasure in his calling. There is at least a relief in getting to the bottom of our sensations. We fear to be harsh, but may we not, at least as a rule for *self*, mistrust every thought, however vivid, searching, and poignant, that does not result in action? Do we not do well to class such effusions, if they end in themselves, amongst our *intellectual* efforts? There is something very touching and affecting in Hartley Coleridge's expressions of repentance and self-abasement, but there are promises to those who, in a perfect heart, with singleness of aim, hate and cast off their sins, who in their inmost soul want to be renewed, changed, to be made other than what they are, which we must not forget. Let God be true though every man a liar. There is a repentance which can only be approached, not expressed by words, of which we hear little, which we *know* to be genuine by its fruits, with which no moving beauty of language can compare; though that too is in a degree an evidence of sincerity, for no man can write well what at the time he does not feel. Only when a man of genius and accustomed to composition shows, amongst his other facilities, a great aptitude to express self-abasement and contrition, while we are glad that such sentiments accompanied his open, unforsaken failings, we must not take them to mean as much as at first sight, on the face of things, they seem to do. The man who *renounces* for Christ's sake any favorite sin, though he says not one word, though the workings of his heart are known to himself alone, has had, we believe, a *keener* sense of sin, a truer insight into its nature, than a weak and vacillating will can conceive, with all the aids that quick feeling and ready genius can bring to bear upon it. It is yielding to fatalism to believe that true repentance shall not, through grace, overcome the weakness of the flesh.

But we have forced ourselves long enough to a painful and ungracious task in reasoning against the natural feeling of sympathy and almost affection which Hartley Coleridge's writings are peculiarly calculated to inspire. Our readers shall judge for themselves. The following sonnet (for most naturally "with that small key" he could "unlock his heart") shows at least that in some sense he understood himself:—

Too true it is, my time of power was spent
In idly watering weeds of casual growth,—
That wasted energy to desperate sloth
Declined, and fond self-seeking discontent,—
That the huge debt for all that nature lent

I sought to cancel,—and was nothing loth
To deem myself an outlaw, severed both
From duty and from hope,—yea blindly sent
Without an errand, where I would to stray :—
Too true it is, that knowing now my state,
I weakly mourn the sin I ought to hate,
Nor love the law I yet would fain obey :
But true it is above all law and fate
Is Faith, abiding the appointed day.—Vol. i. p. 17.

Or again :—

I thank my God because my hairs are gray !
But have gray hairs brought wisdom? Doth the
flight
Of summer birds, departed while the light
Of life is lingering on the middle way,
Predict the harvest nearer by a day?
Will the rank weeds of hopeless appetite
Droop at the glance and venom of the blight
That made the vermeil bloom, the flush so gay,
Dim and unlovely as a dead worm's shroud?
Or is my heart, that, wanting hope, has lost
The strength and rudder of resolve, at peace?
Is it no longer wrathful, vain and proud?
Is it a sabbath, or untimely frost,
That makes the labor of the soul to cease?
—Vol. i., p. 27.

The following verses were written in a commonplace book, dated 1835 :—

When I received this volume small,
My years were barely seventeen;
When it was hoped I should be all
Which once, alas ! I might have been.

And now my years are thirty-five,
And every mother hopes her lamb,
And every happy child alive,
May never be what now I am.

But yet should any chance to look
On the strange medley written here,
I charge thee tell them, little book,
I am not vile as I appear.

Oh ! tell them though my purpose lame
In fortune's race was still behind,—
Though earthly blots my name defiled,
They ne'er abused my better mind.

Of what men are, and why they are
So weak, so wofully beguiled,
Much I have learned, but, better far,
I know my soul is reconciled.

—*Memoirs*, p. clxxi.

We cannot feel the confidence expressed in the closing lines to be entirely satisfactory, though of course written with *intentions* of reformation. The following lines to his sister-in-law are in something the same strain :—

Dearest sister, I

Am one of whom thou doubtless hast heard much—
Not always well.—My name too oft pronounced
With sighs, despondent sorrow, and reproach,
By lips that fain would praise, and ever bless me.
Yet deem not hardly of me : who best know
Most gently censure me,—and who believes
The dark inherent mystery of sin
Doubts not the will and potency of God
To change, invigorate, and purify
The self-condemning heart.—Vol. i., p. 115.

The next sonnet we think very beautiful :—

Pains I have known, that cannot be again,
And pleasures, too, that never can be more :
For loss of pleasure I was never sore,
But worse, far worse it is, to feel no pain.
The throes and agonies of a heart explain
Its very depth of want at inmost core;

Prove that it does believe, and would adore,
And doth with ill forever strive and strain.
I not lament for happy childish years,
For loves departed, that have had their day;
Or hopes that faded when my head was gray;
For death hath left me last of my compeers:
But for the pain I felt, the gushing tears
I used to shed when I had gone astray.

—Vol. ii., p. 7.

So deep an analyst of the state of his own feelings would not be without a theory to account for the anomalies of his position, and how it came that, being intellectually what he was, and conscious of high thoughts and aims, he should yet have fallen so low. He attributed it, we believe, to that inspiration, illumination, intuition—whatever we mean by genius, affecting, like other supernatural visitations, and unhinging, the mind. Indications of this consciousness come out in many parts, though not in direct assertion. We find it, we think, in the following passage from a letter to a friend:—

I am sorry that A. has not been well or not happy. I trust that even now the cloud has passed away. That he should feel at times a want of inward strength, of faith, of hope, of fortitude, I rather lament than wonder. It is the common, perhaps the universal fine paid for the possession of extraordinary illumination, of lights not derived from the communicable intellect, of assurances which are of necessity their sole evidence. The mind that depends on these visitations, stands, in regard to the ordinary understanding, as a dial to a clock; when enlightened it is certain, when unenlightened it is useless. There are periods of doubt, of darkness, of temptation, when the soul is proved, when nothing but the love of God and of man remains to support it. It is then that we discover our strength and our weakness, and our dependency on divine aid—the imperative nature of divine truth. It is then that, by patience, we may prove victorious, and rise more safe than from no fall. You are not ignorant how severely myself have been tried. I have sunk under the trial, yet not so as to have lost the power of hope against hope, to believe in spite of my own unbelief. When I review my past life, the sorrows and stoopings of my spirit, the sad wreck of purposes and resolves that have perished almost before they were, and consider what I still am, and what power of spiritual growth still remains in me, I often blush for what I have been, but oftener shudder for what I might have been. I am now not happy, but I am at ease; I am content, and I am cheerful. I have no hopes, and not many wishes; and I have a strength within me, which is the more secure because I have learned not to confide in it.—*Memoir*, p. xevii.

This was written in the year 1823. We find thoughts, in some respects analogous, expressed in the very able paper on Hamlet, which form his clue to the mystery of that character, derived, we must think, from self-study.

Let us for a moment put Shakspeare out of the question, and consider Hamlet as a real person, and recently deceased acquaintance. In real life it is no unusual thing to meet with characters every whit as obscure as that of the Prince of Denmark; men seemingly accomplished for the greatest actions, clear in thought, and dauntless in deed, still meditating mighty works, and urged by all motives and occasions to the performance, whose existence is nevertheless an unperforming dream; men of noblest and warmest affections, who are perpetually wringing the hearts of those whom they love best; whose sense of rectitude is strong and wise enough to inform and govern a world, while their acts are the hapless issues of casualty and passion, and scarce to themselves appear

their own. We cannot conclude that all such have seen ghosts; though the existence of ghost-seers is as certain as that of ghosts is problematical. But they will generally be found, either by a course of study and meditation too remote from the act and practice of life—by designs too pure and perfect to be executed in earthly material—or from imperfect glimpses of an intuition beyond the defined limits of communicable knowledge, to have severed themselves from the common society of human feelings and opinions, and become as it were ghosts in the body. Such a man is Hamlet; an habitual dweller with his own thoughts, —preferring the possible to the real—refining on the ideal forms of things till the things themselves become dim in his sight, and all the common doings and sufferings, the obligations and engagements of the world, a weary task, stale and unprofitable. By natural temperament he is more a thinker than a doer; his abstract intellect is an overbalance for his active impulses.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, Nov. 1828.

In the very affectionate and admiring recollections contributed by Mr. Chancey Hare Townsend, that gentleman says: "Religion was our frequent theme, and in this I had occasion to admire the profound knowledge of Hartley; the perfect view he had of free salvation by the only merits of Christ, and the 'large liberality of his sentiments.'" While we cannot earnestly enough express our assent to this fundamental, life-inspiring, all-important doctrine, it is impossible not to see, that as Hartley Coleridge held it, in the habitual indulgence of a vicious propensity—not along with, but as it were hiding and clouding over the commandments and precepts of the Gospel—holding the doctrine as a shield between himself and the dictates of conscience, that while he professed the truth in words, it sometimes degenerated into error in his own mind. His impatience and abhorrence of restraint made him shut his eyes practically to the truth, that the only perfect freedom on earth is yet a *service*, and that a service implies submission to laws. To him this doctrine may have appeared some relaxation of the control which was so terrible to him, and at least his use of it filled him with a prevailing sense of security, to judge from his writings, which his course of life rendered unwarrantable; but this is only one form of the unreality which beset him everywhere. We must attribute to this horror of even legitimate constraint, his perpetual diatribes and philippics against *priestcraft*, and the sort of slang that he indulges in on this head; whereas humility might have taught him that his own unassisted guidance was not so all-sufficient to keep him right, that he need thus jealously reject external help. It was on this ground that Dr. Arnold stood so high in his esteem, though his temperament led him to strongly opposite views on church government.

Our space will not allow us to enter much into the detail of his life after leaving Oxford. Indeed, his brother is not able to give a very continuous narrative. There was evidently a charm about him which preserved his friends to him with affection unimpaired to the last. They watched over him as an erring child. His father on his death was able to leave a moderate provision for this son, so dear to him, possessing so many qualities for good and evil in common with himself, so that he suffered from no pecuniary difficulties. Indeed, his expenses were always moderate, and he had a horror of debt and pecuniary obligations which honorably distinguished him from most who possess his failings. He lived at first at Grasmere, at one time having attempted tuition, but failing, not

in powers of teaching, but in control over the boys ; afterwards at a cottage near Rydal water, called the Nab ; first with a widow, and on her death with a young farmer and his wife, who seem to have devoted themselves to his comfort and protection—for the charge of so eccentric a genius was no slight one. His wandering habits caused his friends great anxiety ; he would often disappear for days, and his faithful guardian followed in pursuit and search.

As I have before intimated, his purposeless wanderings had been sometimes pursued till he lost the power to return. Guided forward by feelings, the nature and intensity of which may rather be guessed than known, he seemed to fly from the sight of his own home and the presence of friends, whose very love was a constraint, till he was found by his anxious host perhaps in some remote vale. He could not fall amongst strangers. Go where he would, be where he might, he was treated with affectionate respect. Love followed him like his shadow.—*Memoir*, p. cxxiii.

It would be vain as it would be ungracious to combat against the favorable influence of charm of manner. Engaging manners and bright conversation must and will always sway those brought under their attraction, and it is right that they should do so, for they are good qualities, though they may be only natural ones ; and the enjoyment of them in others may be accepted as one of the amenities of our lot, if we meet with them in the order of Providence, and do not go out of our way to put ourselves under their influence. What a catalogue of social virtues it needs to make a man generally beloved ! sweetness of temper, good nature, a yielding will and ready compliance, a toleration of others' infirmities, and forbearance under small slights and hindrances ; sympathy with others' modes of feeling, and delicacy of adaptation. Many a hero, we may add many a saint, is without them, and makes his great cause to suffer from their absence. The reward of his labors is sought in a higher sphere, not in the praise of men ; and his greatest admirers have often to become his apologists in the minor details of deportment and manner, conscious that he who would sacrifice his life for the sake of religion, or for the good of his fellow-men, yet failed to make himself agreeable to his personal acquaintances. But because, from the infirmity of our nature, great interests and high aims often make men regardless of lesser proprieties, let us not esteem the want of them as other than a fault, nor grudge the domestic philanthropist, who cheers his neighbors' fireside, who raises their dulled spirits, whose presence brings refreshment with it, who enhances their every-day joys and sympathizes in the little trials that each day also brings in its train—though it may be only through the impulse of a genial nature—his reward, in his indulgent host of friends, with their warm welcomes, hearty praises, affectionate extenuations, tender regrets. All attractions and social good qualities are intended to have weight on those brought under their range. It is thus that society is kept together in times of sharp controversy and the war of principles, and in such times especially we should value and respect their office. Their sphere is necessarily limited : men, beyond their personal influence, must be judged by their acts and avowed principles alone ; and therefore the reviewer, a stranger to his person, must take the cold-hearted part of cavilling and questioning, of asserting general

principles, the inalienable laws of right and wrong, while Hartley Coleridge's friends, those who lived round him, who saw him daily, whose hearts were warmed by his eloquence, who received instruction from his extended knowledge, and delight from his playful, harmless fancy, are justified in dwelling on these, and in attributing, if they can, his errors to some aberration, some idiosyncrasy, which, while it left him all the qualities that can bring pleasure and profit to others, disabled him from guiding himself. We have too much respect for his clear reasoning, his accurate views over an unusually wide range of subjects, his delicate perception of moral beauty, his religious instincts, all evident in his writings, to be able to console ourselves in his deviations from the right path under such a plea.

The following attractive, though we fear one sided, picture of his course of life seems to carry us back to the Utopian days of the Vicar of Wakefield. We could fancy we have another Burchell talking memorable wisdom and exquisite satire, writing beautiful verses, supping at harvest-homes, on absolute terms of equality with everybody, and distributing amongst all the children of the district whistles and gingerbread.

Among his friends we must count men, women, and children, of every rank, and of every age. While he preserved the tone of his manners, (which, though somewhat eccentric, were free from every tinge of vulgarity,) and seldom, if ever, failed of being treated with due respect and consideration, he willingly overstepped the conventional distinctions by which society is divided. In the farm-house or the cottage, not alone at times of rustic festivity, at a sheep-shearing, a wedding, or a christening, but by the ingle side with the grandmother and the "bairns," he was made, and felt himself at home. It may be that his social tendencies, his willingness to see the best side of a character, and his disposition to reluct against what he considered uncharitable censures and pharisaical restrictions, may have led him to be less select than might be desired in the choice of his casual associates in humble life, or in a rank more nearly approaching his own. If it were so I know not. Certain it is that the individuals with whom he held most intercourse, to whom he was most attached, and who regarded him with the deepest interest, the most affectionate admiration, and this for a long course of years ; those by whom his death was most sincerely mourned, and by whom his memory is most dearly cherished, were not merely in the highest degree estimable, but in many cases persons of peculiar refinement, social and intellectual. The inference is obvious. It was in some small measure to repay, or at least to express, the pleasure that he derived from the society of these friends, that many of his occasional poems were composed—some of which will be found, I believe, to rank among the best of their kind. These were thrown off with the greatest facility, and in the most casual manner, though sometimes elaborated afterwards with considerable care. They exhibit an union of graceful fancy, and highly cultivated powers of expression, with a certain thoughtful tenderness not unminged with melancholy. They testify, in a peculiar manner, to his love of children—the young, the innocent, the beautiful, and the happy.

This love was returned in kind ; children doted upon him. . . . He would muse on an infant by the hour. A like overflowing of his affectionate nature was seen in his fondness for animals—for anything that would love him in return—simply, and for its own sake rather than for his.

His manners and appearance were peculiar. Though not dwarfish either in form or expression, his

stature was remarkably low, scarcely exceeding five feet; and he early acquired the gait and general appearance of advanced age. His once dark, lustrous hair, was prematurely silvered, and became latterly quite white; his eyes, dark, soft, and brilliant, were remarkably responsive to the movements of his mind, flushing with a light from within.—*Memoir*, p. exxiv.

Of his conversational powers his brother is not able to speak from his own knowledge. They met seldom, and then, while in general society, from mingled excitement and embarrassment, he preserved an unusual silence; but his friends vie with each other in describing its charm:—"the pregnant thought, the wide-spreading fancy, and the playful, good-humored causticity, to which his striking countenance, his rich rhythmical voice, and even his eccentric demeanor, gave additional effect." One of the many letters written to his brother, of these recollections, says:—

In days subsequent to those I have been attempting to remember, I have been constantly struck with new astonishment in every new interview with Hartley. The mine of his knowledge was inexhaustible. He had an acquaintance with every subject—with all books. Though in later years, living in distant and sequestered scenes, where one might have thought his communion with nature would have been greater than his worldly information, his knowledge of all that was passing in the bustling haunts of men, of every work that had been recently published, was complete, nay, even it might have seemed intuitive and miraculous. In relating the smallest anecdote his powers of humor and pathos were alternately brought into play. He would bring every little circumstance of a scene or event before the very vision with astonishing vivacity; eye, and voice, and gesture, all speaking and working to one end. Accustomed to consider men as men, to him it mattered little to whom he disburdened himself of the load of mental treasure that literally seemed to oppress him, and to be ever seeking an utterance. I have known him enter into metaphysical disquisitions with a Cumberland peasant, (be it not, however, forgotten that a Cumberland peasant is more or less an educated man,) or (as it happened on one occasion, when he had taken shelter from the rain about the ingle-nook of a way-side hostel) deliver what may be called an historical lecture to a party of Cambrian farmers. Nor was his eloquence wholly lost even upon these less refined auditors. Their respect for his talents amounted to veneration; and even if they could not always follow him in his higher flights of speculation, a sort of consciousness that their being had been raised by communication with such a man remained to them, and it was with a sentiment of real veneration, in itself favorable to humanity, that they summed up the impression which Hartley's eloquence had made on them by the words—"Ay, but Mr. Coleridge talks fine!" * * * That his talents were appreciated by the lower orders in Cumberland I have intimated, but, more than this, he was deeply beloved amongst them. I have heard some of that class say they would "go through fire and water to serve Mr. Coleridge." To all, indeed, of any class who ever were in familiar intercourse with Hartley, I may appeal to bear me out in this assertion, that his memory will not be less identified with the affections than honored by the intellect.—*Memoir*, p. cxxix.

Some attempts are given to record conversations, quite as good as such attempts generally are, and conveying as much idea of power as anything so necessarily imperfect can be expected to do. But we have not space. It is as a student and thinker, however, that his brother considers he best deserves to be known.

The quantity, the variety, and, I venture to add, the quality of the thought which passed through his mind during these latter years, judging from his notebook and miscellaneous papers, and taking no account of what perished with him, would surely have ranked him among the most copious and instructive, as well as the most delightful writers of his age, had he exerted the resolution, or possessed the faculty of combining his materials on any considerable scale, or on any given plan. The hope and intention of turning his literary talent to account in this way he never ceased to cherish, and he was not wanting in exertion. He mastered several modern languages—French, Italian and German, which had not fallen in his way to acquire in youth. He had commenced the study of Hebrew expressly with a view to theological investigation; and had begun to apply his knowledge, rudimental as it was, to good purposes. He read and wrote incessantly; he made copious collections; the margins of his books were filled with carefully written annotations, evidently intended for future use, to which in some few cases they have been actually applied; but by far the largest portion is unpublished. His note-books, which are very numerous, and bear quaint names, are full of original matter, and little cycles of speculation, sometimes profound, often acute and sagacious, almost always original and characteristic, but thrown together without even attempt at method.—*Memoir*, p. cxlii.

His brother very justly considers that it was not owing to procrastination alone that he made no adequate use of such powers and literary acquirements. The industry which did so much—and application in a certain sense he had—would have sustained the labor of regular composition, if there were not in the mind some "faculty wanting" to the construction of anything systematic and complete. Minute and true observation does not necessarily imply any *system* of thought; and without this faculty of order in the mind, which answers to the power of forming a *plot* in a work of imagination, nothing great can be accomplished. However far this deficiency of power was inherent, or produced by a propensity so fatal to continuous exercise of the mind, cannot be ascertained.

We have already exceeded the limits we had set ourselves, and can therefore enter into no review of the Poems to preface which the Memoir has been written. They are remarkable for genuine characteristic thought, an easy flow, and great sweetness and facility of expression. There is no crabbedness—nothing hard to be understood. He has always mastered the subject in his own mind before he presents it to his reader. It is asserted that practice and study had given him complete power over the instruments of his art, and of this we see evidence. A very few specimens must suffice from the varied materials which compose these two volumes. They form, not only in the beauty and simplicity of their style, but in higher qualities more closely allied to these than perhaps at first sight appears, a happy contrast to the inflated, ambitious, chaotic compositions, which by their number would seem to represent the poetry of the present day. We will begin with the estimate he formed of his own poetical powers, in which the various offices of poetry are very happily brought together.

POIETES APOIETES.

No hope have I to live a deathless name,
A power immortal in the world of mind,
A sun to light with intellectual flame
The universal soul of human kind.

Not mine the skill in memorable phrase
The hidden truths of passion to reveal,
To bring to light the intermingling ways
By which unconscious motives darkling steal ;

To show how forms the sentient heart affect,
How thoughts and feelings mutually combine,
How of the pure, impassive intellect
Shares the mischances of his mortal shrine.

Nor can I summon from the dark abyss
Of time, the spirit of forgotten things,
Bestow unfading life on transient bliss—
Bid memory live with "healing on its wings."

Or give a substance to the haunting shades
Whose visitation shames the vulgar earth,
Before whose light the ray of morning fades,
And hollow yearning chills the soul of mirth.

I have no charm to renovate the youth
Of old authentic dictates of the heart ;
To wash the wrinkles from the face of truth,
And out of Nature form creative Art.

Divinest Poesy !—'t is thine to make
Age young—youth old—to baffle tyrant Time ;
From antique strains the hoary dust to shake,
And with familiar grace to crown new rhyme.

Long have I loved thee—long have loved in vain,
Yet large the debt my spirit owes to thee ;
Thou wreath'dst my first hours in a rosy chain,
Rocking the cradle of my infancy.

The lovely images of earth and sky
From thee I learn'd within my soul to treasure ;
And the strong magic of thy minstrelsy
Charms the world's tempest to a sweet sad measure

Nor Fortune's spite, nor hopes that once have been—
Hopes which no power of Fate can give again ;
Not the sad sentence that my life must wean
From dear domestic joys—nor all the train

Of pregnant ills—and penitential harms
That dog the rear of youth unwisely wasted,
Can dim the lustre of thy stainless charms,
Or sour the sweetness that in thee I tasted.
Vol. i., p. 130.

A good sonnet is never produced by a happy incident ; but implies the knowledge of the principles of poetry as an art. It is an accomplishment, and one in which Hartley Coleridge excelled, as suiting to his degree of perseverance ; the sonnet furnishing the most perfect home for a single thought, the shell which exactly fits round and encloses it. We believe our readers will consider the following "on the Sublime," is an example of a pure thought admirably wrought out :—

What is the meaning of the word "sublime,"
Uttered full oft, and never yet explained ?
It is a truth that cannot be contained
In formal bounds of thought, in prose, or rhyme.
'T is the Eternal struggling out of Time.
It is in man a birth-mark of his kind
That proves him kindred with immaculate mind,
The son of him that in the stainless prime
Was God's own image. Whatsoe'er creates
At once abasement and a sense of glory,
Whate'er of sight, sound, feeling, fact, or story,
Exalts the man, and yet the self rebates,
That is the true sublime, which can confess
In weakness strength, the great in littleness.

Vol. ii., p. 15.

And again, the following on "Homer" :—

Far from the sight of earth, yet bright and plain
As the clear noonday sun, an "orb of song,"
Lovely and bright is seen, amid the throng
Of lesser stars, that rise, and wax, and wane,
The transient rulers of the fickle main,
One constant light gleams through the dark and long
And narrow aisle of memory. How strong,
How fortified with all the numerous train
Of truths wert thou, Great Poet of mankind,
Who told'st in verse as mighty as the sea
And various as the voices of the wind,
The strength of passion rising in the glee
Of battle ! Fear was glorified by thee,
And Death is lovely in thy tale enshrined.

Vol. ii., p. 16.

His admiration for Wordsworth as a poet equalled his affection and reverence for him as a man, of which many casual notices give pleasant indication. Indeed, kindness, especially kindness bestowed in childhood and youth, left a deep impression on him, as we find also in every mention of Southey. The following sonnets to Wordsworth convey his view of the high standard of his poetry :—

TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Yes, mighty Poet, we have read thy lines,
And felt our hearts the better for the reading.
A friendly spirit from thy soul proceeding,
Unites our souls ; the light from thee that shines
Like the first break of morn, dissolves, combines
All creatures with a living flood of beauty.
For thou hast proved that purest joy is duty,
And love a fondling, that the trunk entwines
Of sternest fortitude. Oh, what must be
Thy glory here, and what the huge reward
In that blest region of thy poesy ?
For long as man exists, immortal bard,
Friends, husbands, wives, in sadness or in glee,
Shall love each other more for loving thee

TO THE SAME.

And those whose lot may never be to meet
Kin souls confined in bodies severed far,
As if thy Genius were a potent star,
Ruling their life at solemn hours and sweet
Of secret sympathy, do they not greet
Each other kindly, when the deep full line
Hath ravished both—high as the haunt divine
And presence of celestial Paraclete ?
Three thousand years have passed since Homer
spoke,
And many thousand hearts have blessed his name,
And yet I love them all for Homer's sake,
Child, woman, man, that e'er have felt his flame ;
And thine, great poet, is like power to bind
In love far distant ages of mankind.—Vol. ii., p. 18.

The lovers of Wordsworth must have felt pleasure in knowing, as we are now informed, that the exquisite piece of inspiration, "She was a phantom of delight," was written on his wife three years after his marriage ; the following lines by our less fortunate bard, have some points akin, though his strain of tender, regretful resignation is pitched in a lower key.

TO SOMEBODY.

I blame not her, because my soul
Is not like hers—a treasure
Of self-sufficing good—a whole
Complete in every measure.

I charge her not with cruel pride,
With self-admired disdain ;
Too happy she, or to deride
Or to perceive my pain.

Her sweet affections, free as wind,
Nor fear nor craving feel ;
No secret hollow hath her mind
For passion to reveal.

Her being's law is gentle bliss,
Her purpose and her duty ;
And quiet joy her loveliness,
And gay delight her beauty.

Then let her walk in mirthful pride,
Dispensing joy and sadness,
By her light spirit fortified
In panoply of gladness.

The joy she gives shall still be hers,
The sorrow shall be mine ;
Such debt the earthly heart incurs
That pants for the divine.

But better 'tis to love, I ween,
And die of slow despair,
Than die, and never to have seen
A maid so lovely fair.—Vol. i., p. 55.

The following, on beautiful heathen legends, we choose from among others which we would gladly extract, chiefly because it is short and yet a whole—

Have you seen the stars at morning,
How they blend with rising day,
Paling still, and still adorning
All the morn with their decay :
Paling, blinking,
Coyly winking,
While the gold usurps the gray ?

So with fancies of the heathen ;
Brightest stars of heathen night,
Slowly of their reign bereaven,
Lose themselves in Gospel light.
Stars of warning
Melt in morning.
End their task and bid good-night.

Vol. ii., p. 223.

We have not space for any of the characters of our English poets, written in the heroic couplet, and showing happy examples of the epigrammatic point to which that measure is adapted. His verses on Scripture characters are not commonly amongst his best ; but the following sonnet, dated 1848, with which we close our poetical extracts, and which his brother places the last in the volume, is warm and intense, from, we trust, the earnestness of personal feeling and sympathy :—

MULTUM DILEXIT.

She sat and wept beside His feet ; the weight
Of sin oppressed her heart ; for all the blame,
And the poor malice of the worldly shame,
To her was past, extinct, and out of date,
Only the sin remained—the leprous state ;
She would be melted by the heat of love,
By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove
And purge the silver ore adulterate.
She sat and wept, and with her untressed hair
Still wiped the feet she was so blest to touch ;
And He wiped off the soiling of despair
From her sweet soul because she loved so much.
I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears,
Make me a humble thing of love and tears.

Vol. ii., p. 387.

The biographer's promise of a volume of *Essays and Marginalia* has already been fulfilled, but our space forbids our entering upon a fresh field ; and almost the only examples of his prose which these volumes contain are taken from his letters, and the notes which he was in the habit of affixing to the book he was reading. His mind was desultory, which may tell unfavorably on a protracted perusal, but his remarks have a spirit and originality, and commonly a candor and truth, which will always make what he wrote interesting. We give the following, from works which have long been before the public, as miscellaneous examples of lively, accurate thought and apt illustration. Speaking of the want of euphony in our English language contrasted with Italian, he says :—

We cannot emulate the simplicity of the Greeks or the Italians. The poet, indeed, who can, and dare, may be austere ; but austerity and simplicity are different things. Simplicity is never, austerity always, conscious of itself. The Sunday habit of a modest country girl is simple—the regulation dress of a nunery is meant to be austere. Simplicity does not seek what it feels no need of ; austerity rejects what it judges unfit. But neither simplicity nor austerity are necessarily poetical. The simple must be beautiful, the austere must be great, or they have no place in genuine poetry. A daisy is simple, a turnip still simpler, yet the former belongs to the poetry of nature, the latter to her most utilitarian prose.

In his Northern Worthies we find this note appended to some mention of a former class of conjurers, who affected to tell fortunes from the handwriting :—

The race of Manibans is not extinct, and, indeed, however absurd it may be to form a *prognosis* of future contingencies from the curves and angles of a MS., we will and do maintain, that a correct *diagnosis* of the actual character of an individual may be known from his autograph. The goodness or badness of the writing contributes nothing to his physiognomy, any more than the beauty or homeliness of a countenance influences its expression. Expression has nothing to do with beauty ; and those who say that a good expression will make the plainest face beautiful, do not say what they mean. Goodness shining through ordinary features, is not beautiful, but far better—it is lovely. So, too, with regard to the expression of writing ; calligraphy, as taught by writing masters to young ladies, is in truth a very lady-like sort of dissimulation, intended, like the Chesterfieldian politeness of a courtier, to conceal the workings of thought and feeling—to substitute the cold, slippery, polished opacity of a frozen pool, for the ripple and transparency of a flowing brook. But into every habitual act which is performed unconsciously, earnestly, or naturally, the mind unavoidably passes :—the play of the features, the motion of the limbs, the paces, the tones, the very folds of the drapery, (especially if it have long been worn,) are all significant. A mild, considerate man hangs up his hat in a very different style from a hasty, resolute one. A Dissenter does not shake hands like a High Churchman. But there is no act into which the character enters more fully than that of writing ; for it is generally performed alone, or unobserved ; seldom, in adults, is the object of conscious attention, and takes place while the thoughts and the natural current of feeling are in full operation.—*Northern Worthies*, p. 8.

On some apology Andrew Marvel makes for Milton, he says—

Perhaps it was well for Marvel that Milton could not read this, and we hope no one was so injudicious

as to read it to him, for he would most angrily have spurned at anything like an *extenuation* of deeds in which he never ceased to glory. The very constitution of Milton's mind, his defect and his excellence, forbade him to conceive himself to have been in the wrong; in this, as in all else but his genius and his nobility of soul, he was the very antipodes of Shakspeare.—*Ibid.*, p. 52.

The subject of book-binding brings out the following remarks:—

Books, no less than their authors, are liable to get ragged, and to experience that neglect and contempt that generally follow the outward and visible signs of poverty. We do, therefore, most heartily commend the man, who bestows on a tattered and shivering volume, such decent and comely apparel, as may protect it from the insults of the vulgar, and the more cutting slights of the fair. But if it be a rare book, "the lone survivor of a numerous race," the one of its family that has escaped the trunk-maker and pastry-cook, we would counsel a little extravagance in arraying it. Let no book perish, unless it be such an one as is your duty to throw into the fire. There is no such thing as a worthless book, though there are some far worse than worthless; no book which is not worth preserving if its existence may be tolerated: as there are some men whom it may be proper to hang, but none who should be suffered to starve. To *reprint* books that do not rise to a certain pitch of worth, is foolish. It benefits nobody so much as it injures the possessors of the original copies. It is like a new coinage of Queen Anne's farthings. That anything is in being is a presumptive reason that it should remain in being, but not that it should be multiplied.—*Ibid.*, pp. 53, 7.

The following bears on his habitual respect for and appreciation of the instinctive good qualities of women *as* women, not as clever women or deep thinkers:—

Men are deceived in their judgments of others by a thousand causes; by their hopes, their ambition, their vanity, their antipathies, their likes and dislikes, their party feelings, their nationality, but, above all, by their presumptuous reliance on the ratiocative understanding, their disregard of presentiments, and unaccountable impressions, and their vain attempts to reduce everything to rule and measure. Women, on the other hand, if they be very women, are seldom deceived, except by love, compassion, or religious sympathy—by the latter too often deplorably; but then it is not because their better angel neglects to give warning, but because they are persuaded to make a merit of disregarding his admonitions. The craftiest Iago cannot win the good opinion of a *true* woman, unless he approach her as a lover, an unfortunate, or a religious confidant. Be it, however, remembered, that this superior discernment in character is merely a female *instinct*, arising from a more delicate sensibility and finer tact, a clearer intuition, and a natural abhorrence of every appearance of evil. It is a sense which only belongs to the innocent, quite distinct from the tact of experience. If, therefore, ladies without experience attempt to *judge*, to draw conclusions from premises, and give a reason for their sentiments, there is nothing in their sex to preserve them from error.—*Ibid.*, p. 439.

It is time that we brought our account to a close. The last year of his life, 1848, was marked by greater energy; he revived some literary undertakings, and concludes a letter to Mr. Moxon on this subject with the prophetic words: "I must and will rouse and exert myself while it is yet day—'for the night cometh.' I am fifty-one." At this age he was prematurely old; his step had lost

its elasticity, and he found difficulty in getting from place to place. So much were his friends affected by the evident change, that one from a distance, seeing him after some interval of time, sat down by the road-side and wept after parting from him. But he pursued his reading and usual style of composition, *preparing* for publication.

An important misprint, (as it seems,) giving *August* for *December*, makes some confusion in the history of his last illness; but we gather that at the close of 1848, his brother was summoned by a letter from Mrs. Wordsworth, informing him that Hartley was seized with an attack of bronchitis, and that his life was despaired of. Mr. Coleridge went down immediately, scarcely hoping to see him alive, but, contrary to expectation, he lingered till the sixth of January, surrounded by the devoted, affectionate care of friends, and by all that medical skill could do. But his brother's own words must give the history of his last hours:—

He was taken to his rest on Saturday, the 6th of January, 1849, ten days after my arrival. It would be worse than useless to dwell on the details, solemn and affecting beyond description, of this period. He died the death of a strong man, his bodily frame being of the finest construction, and capable of great endurance. Of his state of mind it will be sufficient to say, that it was such as might have been looked for by those who knew him, and loved him well—gentle, humble, loving, and devout. His time was passed either in religious exercises, or in the most searching self-communion. A few days before his death he received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, having named a friend whose presence and participation he desired on this occasion; and again, after the last struggle had commenced, his eye resting on another friend, with whom of latter years he had been much associated, he requested him to join with him in the last expressions of hope and faith. It was so that he bade him farewell. His sorrowing friends, with whom he had been so long domesticated, and his young friend, Dr. Green, who never left him night or day, were also present.

In these last hours he took a clear review of his past life; his words, whether addressed to me or to himself, falling distinct on my ear; his mind appearing to retain its wonted sagacity, and his tongue scarcely less than its wonted eloquence. Of this most solemn confession, I can only repeat, that it justified the most favorable construction that could be put upon the past, and most consolatory hope that could be formed for the future.

His illness, it is needless to state, was a subject of general interest, and his death of general sorrow, wherever he was known.—*Memoir*, p. clxxx.

No one whose lot it has often been to stand by the dying bed, can place reliance or draw conclusions from the circumstances, painful or consolatory, of this period—where sometimes pain, and oblivion, and death, reign supreme to our outward eyes, over those whose lives have proclaimed them God's faithful servants, and sometimes hope and triumph prevail where our own confidence cannot be so firmly grounded. Yet as we are taught to pray against sudden death—as we desire for ourselves in that awful hour a mind clear to contemplate its approaching change, and capable of repentance, and love, and hope—as we long for the attendance of friends, that their affection should watch over us—as we hope for the presence of God's ministers, and the ministrations of his church; so surely it must be accounted a *gift* from our heavenly Father, a sign of favor, a source of exceeding comfort, to see others possessed of all

these and thankfully and devoutly using them; and cordially do we sympathize in the hope and consolation which Hartley Coleridge's friends could draw from his dying hours. His life was a mystery and contest between good and evil, of no common character. At its close the good seemed to prevail. His friends could dwell on those bright and amiable qualities which had so long cheered and refreshed them; on the influence for good his intercourse had seemed to exercise over themselves; on the kindly affections he had drawn out, the love of goodness and purity and truth they believed his society to have fostered; and hope for him—what may have had truth in his case, however fatal such a persuasion would be to yield to in ourselves—that his infirmity of will had amounted to actual incapacity, and that, in his individual solitary instance, habitual sorrow was, humanly speaking, to atone for habitual sin.

It was Wordsworth's wish, expressed on the moment of hearing of his death, that his grave should be made near his own. "Let him lie by us, he would have wished." The next day he walked over to Grasmere to choose the spot, and himself pointed out the precise locality, saying, "When I lifted up my eyes from my daughter's grave, he was standing there." Then turning to the sexton, "Keep the ground for us—we are old people, it cannot be for long." In a little more than a year his own share in his anticipation was fulfilled. "They lie on the south-east angle of Grasmere churchyard, not far from a group of trees, with the little brook that feeds the lake with its clear waters, murmuring by their side. Around them are the quiet mountains."

These are consolatory thoughts, and images of peace, and we may indulge in the hope and comfort they inspire; while the practical lesson for us to learn from the course of this sad narrative must surely be, how vain is every merely earthly gift and aid, to preserve from the most seemingly uncongenial forms of temptation; to show that no height of intellect, no amount of cultivation, no sense of the beautiful, no comprehension of greatness or excellence, no perception of the divine in nature and the unseen, can preserve the soul from degradation and slavery. This is reserved for God's grace alone, who chooses the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, who uses homely instruments for His purposes, and such plain teaching as the lowly and the unlearned can impart, as effectually as minds of deepest and most comprehensive power; whoever, in fact, knows by his own heart, and therefore would infuse into others the necessity of obedience, self-government, submission, and the truth for all time which is comprehended in those words of old: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his ways? even by ruling himself according to Thy word."

OMNIBUS SERVANTS—A SAMPLE OF PUBLIC INJUSTICE.—The public is not always right in its decisions, neither is it always benevolent in its dealings. The omnibus servants of the metropolis are a class of men whom the public treat in the most barbarous manner, and to whom it seems to deny the rights and sympathies of our common humanity. The old coachman of a long stage was a well-fed, easy living, petted and caressed kind of pensioner. Greeted with kind words by the rich, looked up to as a man of high station by the poor, and, like the immortal Weller, "on the best of terms with forty mile of females." Your omnibus driver is an ill-treated and tortured slave. He labors from fifteen to twenty hours a day, in all

weathers, and in the midst of hindrances and annoyances. The conductor has as sad a life. He must stand—like a sick, moulting bird upon a perch—on that six-inch bit of wood, to be poked in the side and thumped on the shins with sharp sticks and dirty umbrellas, and if the vehicle does not stop on the instant (for the slippery road will not always permit it) he must expect a volley of abuse from the growling passenger, now and then adding to it the mortification of having given ninerepence and a ride for a leaden shilling. The driver can show you a maimed and crippled hand, which the continual grasping of the reins has rendered unfit for any other employment; yet, despite the hardships of the occupation itself, including the bolting of their meals, cold or boiling-hot, as the case may be, (for dinner hour to a conductor would be like a morning paper to a griffin,) they are always civil and obliging, and unremitting in their attentions to passengers. Mr. Lane, in his amusing *Life at the Water Cure*, gives, as the result of twenty years' experience, that omnibus servants, as a class, have "earned a character for civility and respectability of deportment; and that the incivility of passengers is generally met in a spirit of endurance, to which the conductor especially has been disciplined by habitual ill-treatment, or want of due consideration." It must be seen that the character of these men is much in the hands of the public, and that the accommodation afforded by these cheap conveyances merits something better than the harsh, unfeeling treatment which the men too often receive. The public should seek to ameliorate their condition, rather than increase their burdens, by the exercise of courtesy, and being provided with change, instead of tendering a sovereign for a threepenny fare, and abusing the man for not handing the proper change the next moment, as is too often the case. These men are exposed to all weathers, and are frequently the subjects of asthma, and every variety of rheumatism; their hours of labor are excessive; they have no time for meals, and no Sabbath of rest; they have no exercise, no recreation; if they have wives and families, their scanty wages are not enough to maintain them in comfort; and, added to the hardships of an abnegation of all fireside enjoyments or social converse with their families, they seldom attain to the age of maturity. These men number, in London alone, above *ten thousand*; and those who participate in the comfort of suburban residences, the moving to and fro on business quickly, cleanly, and cheaply, owe something to the men by whose agency so great a convenience is sustained.—*Eliza Cook.*

THE grippe, cholera, and other disagreeable epidemics have disappeared for a time in France; but, en revanche, a most virulent epidemic, which bears strong analogy to the cholera, has been decimating several classes of the inferior animals. Like the cholera, this formidable disease cuts off the strongest subjects in an hour, and is characterized by prostration, stupor, specific diarrhoea, blue color of the skin, and general injection of the alimentary canal, especially the small intestine. The disease, whatever it may be, is highly virulent, and in a most extraordinary degree contagious. Every fibre, every drop of fluid in an animal cut off by the complaint, is capable of transmitting the original disease. Even a drop of the aqueous humor, inserted beneath the skin of a healthy animal, gives the malady. The symptoms, however, are considerably modified according to the class or even species of animal; and, as the morbid cause remains the same, an opportunity is offered of studying the comparative effects of the same pathological cause in different classes of animals. This interesting study has been taken up by several members of the Academy of Medicine, who are now performing an extensive series of inoculations.—*Medical Times.*

From the Christian Remembrancer.

Margherita Pusterla. Racconto di CESARE CANTU. Parigi: Baudry, Libreria Europea. 1840.

So large a portion of the current literature of the day belongs to the department of fiction, and is of so high an order, that it can no longer be overlooked as trifling, though, in many instances, it may be deplored as mischievous. The time has gone by when the unfinished abortions, which daily issued from the press under the name of novels and romances, might have been a puzzle to a reader to designate, if the writers, in imitation of the showman, had not set down in the title-page of their respective performances—"this is a novel," or, "this is a romance." Still there were a few, even then, who "held the mirror up to nature; showed virtue her own features, vice her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." There were men of genius who wrote at once to amuse and benefit their readers; and, upon the whole, they did their office well. They carefully selected their materials, and painted such scenes and incidents as were familiar to universal experience, at the same time that they admitted of amplification and ornament, and called forth in no ordinary degree the inventive faculty. Thus they took care "not to overstep the modesty of nature," or, at least, not to give any violent shock to truth or probability. In novels of the comic cast, there might occasionally be caricature, but in those of a higher stamp there was often great reality as well as beauty of coloring, a lively portraiture of sentiment and passion, a nice and accurate delineation of character, and, at the same time, an ease and correctness of expression, which gave full effect to these more prominent qualities of the works in question. While several personages were contrasted with sufficient skill and ability, their language, spirit, and manners were set before us with appropriate accuracy, in connexion with a story, harmonious in its several parts, and a catastrophe, upon which the mind could rest with considerable satisfaction.

But such novels were few and far between. They did not form an universal engine, either for good or evil. They offered, for the most part, only a luxurious intellectual enjoyment for the leisure hours of the few; they did not mingle with the stirring interests which bear upon the many. What they did they did well, and in some respects, it may be, they have never been surpassed; but they belonged to a class, not to our common humanity. In fact, they belonged to a time which had little analogy with our own. The clashing interests, the discordant elements, the opening up of all the depths of human life, the severe analysis of all distinctions either real or artificial, the fearless investigation of all moral and religious truth, which have changed not only the surface of society, but the inward speculations of every individual mind, and the inward emotions of every individual heart, were to their writers unknown. We are in a far different position. We feel, whether we will or no, that we form a portion of that collective multitude, which is pressing onward, some say to unimagined heights of virtue and happiness, others, perhaps more truly, to unthought-of depths of pride and license, but, in either case, pressing onward irresistibly. There is, there can be no pause. The mighty stream of human passions and events rolls on, and, whether we join it or not, we must feel the movement.

Such a state of things cannot be very favorable

to the listless musings of the sentimentalist, or the brilliant *talk* of the frivolous, the selfish, and the worldly. Madame de Staël says somewhere that "life is not a hymn;" but neither is it a dream of the fancy. It is sternly practical. Accordingly, in all that we see around us there is a character of pervading seriousness. It meets us in the business of life, in the social circle, in the schools of science, in the walks of literature. It has made deep inroads into the realm of fiction. Even in works, which we need not name, because they are lying on every table, and "winning for themselves golden opinions" throughout the length and breadth of the land, while there may be laughter on the surface, there is often beneath it "a meaning too deep for tears." And when we speak of such a change in the imaginative literature of the day, we speak not merely of Great Britain, but of Europe. In France and Italy in particular, it has of late years been most striking and remarkable. In France, as indeed elsewhere, the works of fiction which have been best known and most cordially admired have been always a fair transcript of the manners which they described, and the morals which they inculcated. The celebrated romance of Rousseau was indeed only the emanation of a morbid individual mind, having little if any analogy with actual life; but the infamous novels of the younger Crebillon painted with consummate truth the frivolous and profligate existence of a society which has happily passed away; while the profane and heartless mockery of Voltaire embodied in his brilliant but mischievous tales the spirit of scepticism and unbelief, of which his country is still reaping the bitter harvest. Of the eloquent and distinguished authoress of *Corinne* one feels disposed to speak with all respect; but it would be difficult to find a more pernicious and even immoral work than *Delphine*, in spite of all that friends and admirers have said or written in vindication of its tendency. It is not, indeed, open to the charge of indecency; but if glowing pictures of uncontrolled passion, a determined disregard and even manifest contempt for moral restraint and self-discipline, and, above all, a scornful misrepresentation of religious truth be evil, in spite of the uniform magic of its style, and the occasional depth of its reflections, we may lament that *Delphine* was ever written, and rejoice that it is now comparatively forgotten. Madame de Genlis was a writer of a different class. In spite of the suspicions which, whether justly or unjustly we will not venture to decide, have always hung about her character, she may be considered the Hannah More of France. In her earlier works may be traced a real desire to do good, as well as communicate pleasure; but her moral sense, or her moral system, was defective, and it is dangerous to put even her best books into the hands of young persons without special caution, though expressly intended for education. Still, her invariable respect for religion, and her fearless opposition to the sceptical tendencies of the age, are deserving of high praise; and, upon the whole, she may be fairly regarded as one of those chaste and conscientious writers, who have embodied in their works the higher and better elements of the time in which they lived.

When we turn to the writers of the present day, who in France adorn, but, alas! disgrace, the imaginative literature of their country, we shrink from what we must believe a too graphic and faithful picture of a large portion of its godless and immoral

population. Of the intellectual elements of the literature in question, we cannot but speak highly. If there be often a deficiency of what we understand by taste, the genius, the fancy, the depth of pathos, and the reach of thought, are often such, that one's heart bleeds to see so much power wielded only for evil. And these works have an immense circulation, not only at home but abroad. There is no lack of translators, no lack of publishers, no lack of readers. They climb up into our chambers like the plagues of Egypt, and we are beset by them at every turn. Now we *must* think that the scepticism, the infidelity, the loose morals, and the destructive principles, which characterize, in a greater or less degree, the works in question, cannot be presented to the mind day after day with impunity. They generate a false and pernicious taste. We think so the more, because works of at least equal power, and which have really the aim which they profess—a fearless attempt to ameliorate human suffering and dissipate human ignorance—are passed over with neglect and indifference, simply, it should seem, because they reverence those great truths which it is the fashion in too many quarters either to ignore or gainsay. We allude, as our readers will anticipate, to the imaginative literature of modern Italy, to which we have been tempted to call their attention once more in this article.

It is matter of increasing surprise to us that so few of the Italian novels have been translated, or at least published. Of *I Promessi Sposi* there are, we believe, two translations, one *done into* English with little taste or spirit, another, which we noticed at the time, executed with sufficient truth and fidelity, though sometimes betraying that it was a translation by too close an attention to the idiom of the original. Marco Visconti is also before the public in an English dress; and a translation of Niccolò de Lapi was announced about a year ago, but has never come into our hands. Our own opinion of D'Azeglio's two celebrated novels, Niccolò de Lapi and Ettore Pieramosca, we have already communicated to our readers, and have endeavored to substantiate that opinion by copious extracts. We are about to make them acquainted now with the work of a different author, who takes the same line with Manzoni and D'Azeglio, and follows them more nearly in tone and spirit than any other writer who has fallen under our notice. Cesare Cantù has not quite the magical coloring of D'Azeglio, who drinks in all that is beautiful in external nature with the practised eye of a painter, as well as the feeling of a poet. Neither do we think that he has quite his depth of pathos, nor that absorbing sense of the spiritual which gives such an inexpressible charm to the grander scenes of his matchless rival. Perhaps he rather gives one the impression of looking at religion from without, than feeling it from within. And yet, when we recollect some of the finest parts of Margherita Pusterla, we hesitate in saying this. At all events, the romance is in a high degree both interesting and instructive, and no thoughtful mind can fail to derive both pleasure and profit from its perusal.

The story is founded on fact. Margherita and her husband are historical characters, and their fate is true. They are mentioned in the history of Milan, written in Italian by Bernardino Corio, and in the Latin Chronicle of the Deeds of the Visconti, by Petrus Azarius. Bernardino, indeed, simply states the following facts: the conspiracy against Luchino Visconti, Prince of Milan, in which Francesco Pusterla was engaged; the discovery of the

plot to Alpinoso, its communication to his brother Ramango; the consequent alarm of Pusterla, and his flight to Avignon; the arrest of the other conspirators, their trial, condemnation; and punishment; the cruel incarceration of Margherita, sister of Ottorino Visconti and cousin of Luchino, as the prime mover in the business; the stratagem (not differing much from that described in the novel) by which Pusterla is enticed from Avignon, brought back with his two sons to Milan, and a few days after beheaded with his whole family in the Piazza del Broletto. The Latin chronicler enters more into detail. He describes minutely the character and personal appearance both of Margherita and her husband, the beauty and high qualities of the former, and the luxurious and profligate habits of the latter; and states, moreover, (as in the work before us,) that if the conspiracy did not entirely originate in the licentious proposals of Luchino to his beautiful cousin, it drew from that circumstance no small portion of the ardor with which it was carried on.

From the character which history gives of the principal personages of the story, the interest, as may be imagined, mainly rests upon the high and noble qualities of the heroine. Pusterla himself is merely a spirited, self-indulgent cavalier, not at all rising above the level of the gay and profligate courtiers of the age—distinguished, it is true, by personal bravery, rich in the dazzling qualities which belong to the accomplished gentleman, but poor in the loftier endowments of the mind and heart. His vices, too, degrade him. He gains the affection of Margherita by his chivalrous bearing, and the lustre shed around his name in early life by personal bravery; but he is unable fully to appreciate the prize, of which, indeed, he had always been unworthy. He turns from the chaste attachment of his admirable wife to the low amours in which he had habitually indulged, and is recalled to better feeling only by the calamities which finally overwhelm him. Margherita, on the contrary, is as perfect a character as one can imagine in real life. Beautiful, courteous, full of wit and spirit, kind to her equals, affable to her inferiors, inexhaustible in her charity to the poor and distressed, even in her temper, gentle in her manners, open in her disposition—she had all the qualities which could contribute to her own happiness or that of others, in the ordinary intercourse of society; and when affliction came, she bore it with the mingled dignity and resignation which belonged to her lofty character and her deep conviction of religious truth. If she has not the touching sweetness of Ginevra, her qualities, though of a different kind, are of the first order. She is a high-born, high-minded lady, never wanting to herself, whatever might be the conduct of others, but always doing the right thing, in the right way, and in the right place. Still, in spite of the melancholy interest thrown around her by intense, and to all appearance unmerited suffering, she did not escape, it seems, the censure of her contemporaries. She has been accused of ostentatiously parading her virtues to the world, of interfering with persons and things with which she had no concern, and making a stand against the follies and vices of the age from hypocrisy rather than distaste. But the fact seems to be that she was eminently *true*. She substituted an open though not uncorrupt sincerity for the false varnish of the world, had attached friends instead of *cavalieri serventi*, and thus run counter to the opinions and customs of the society of which she formed a part.

She cherished the virtues which attached firmly and lastingly those who intimately knew her, but at the same time gave a handle to the thoughtlessness or the malice of those who did not.

In the novel, Pusterla is not the original possessor of Margherita's heart. Her early love for Buonvicino, a character of congenial excellence, who holds a prominent place throughout the story, affords some of the most striking scenes which *Canta* has conceived. Bound by the strictest ties of friendship with Uberto Visconti, Margherita's father, he had been wont to regard both her brothers and herself with fraternal affection, and to live with them in the closest and most intimate union. Under these circumstances, the friendship of Buonvicino and Margherita, as might be expected, soon ripened into love, though avowed by neither. It was upon him that Margherita lavished the rich gift of her first emotions; it was upon her that Buonvicino reposed in thought amidst the turmoil of human passions. But, amidst the reverses of that stormy period, Buonvicino finds himself on a sudden poor in fortune, and deserted by his summer friends. His country is lost, the lustre of his family is extinguished, the dreams of his youth are over, and nothing remains but his valor and his sword. Unwilling to involve Margherita in his ruin, he gradually withdraws himself from her society, and at length completes the self-sacrifice, by introducing to her his friend Pusterla, of whom, in the height of his worldly reputation, he thinks more highly than he deserves, and they are married. Buonvicino finds too late that he has trusted too much to his conscientious principles. Pusterla begins to neglect his admirable wife, though he does not cease to respect and even love her, and gives his time and affections to court intrigues and low pleasures. Buonvicino, in consequence, redoubles his friendly attentions to Margherita in her state of comparative desertion, but does it at his own peril. After a long and severe struggle, he at length gives way, and writes to her. His emotions are thus described:—

Long did he meditate upon that letter; wrote it, cancelled it, wrote it again, and again cancelled it; set resolutely to work; then, half repenting of his purpose, threw down the pen; began again, again repented; no phrase was sufficiently measured, no word sufficiently delicate, no expression warm enough, no argument sufficiently strong. Never was a sheet of paper so tormented.

At last the letter is finished, and sent by a confidential servant.

But from the moment he put his foot out of the house, what a tempest was stirred up in Buonvicino's heart! How many fancies were there! How many fears! how many hopes! What would he now give not to have taken that step, or to have taken it differently! How did every word, every phrase, every sentiment of that fatal paper rise up against him in judgment as a crime, calling for repentance and amendment! "And yet, who knows?" he reasoned with himself. "Perhaps the servant may forget; perhaps he may not find her at home; perhaps she is engaged with somebody else, and he may not have given it to her. Yes: he will bring the note back:—I will tear it to pieces—burn it, and . . . no, never again, never again . . . I will fly . . . I will go, go far away, where I cannot even hear her name; I will tear her from my heart! I will, at all events, dim her image by other loves, other cares, other pains, other pleasures . . . But why do I say all this? Does she not deserve all happiness? Is she not the most beautiful, the most noble, the gentlest among women? Is

she not an angel? And if I have dared to love her, is it not right that I should pay the cost? Can any effort be too great for such a reward as her affection would bestow? And suppose I should obtain it! Suppose I should not be disagreeable to her! Suppose she should tell me so! But no, no: impossible, impossible! Wretch that I was to try her, to disturb her peace! Let the messenger come back—let him come back! Would that I could recall him! Would that I could hear him say that he had not given her the letter!" Such was the tempest in Buonvicino's mind, during the time necessary to go from the palace of the Visconti, where he lived, to that of the Pusterla, and return. There was no clock to measure the minutes, but they were measured by the painful beatings of his heart, and a turbulent succession of ideas, which seemed to him eternal. He paced up and down the room, listened to the slightest noise, and gave way to every fancy which could account for delay. At length, stretching his head out of the window, which had been left open to catch the first tepid breath of April, he saw the messenger returning. Every footstep, as the man ascended the great staircase, struck upon Buonvicino's heart like the point of a dagger; and when he opened the door, and stood opposite his master, far from being able to question him, he had not the courage even to look him in the face. The servant bowed, and said, "I have given it into the lady's hand," and left the room. Simple, and natural, and fully expected as that short sentence must have been, it made Buonvicino shudder. Throwing himself into a chair, a new train of ideas arose to torment him—the effect which the letter would produce upon Margherita's mind.

We omit a scene in which he is with tranquil dignity rebuked by Margherita: and which effects an extraordinary and immediate change in him. He wanders about the streets like one beside himself. It is one of the most solemn fests of the Church. The sounds of the *Stabat Mater*, and the *Miserere* meet him at every turn. At length he reaches the convent of the Umiliati, and is struck as he had never been before by its air of tranquillity and repose. He reads the inscription over the portal—*In loco isto dabo pacem*.

Peace! was not that what he had lost, what he was seeking? Was not a moment's calm what he longed for most amidst the tempest? Why should he not enter the place where it was promised, and be at rest? So, Dante, a wanderer like himself, and who, like him, had left all that he held dear, sat down in a cloister to meditate; when a monk, who had been observing him for a long time, drew near and asked, "Good man, what do you want? what are you seeking?" and he answered, "Peace."

Buonvicino becomes a monk, and finally a priest, an eloquent preacher, a distinguished guide of souls, the comforter of the poor and distressed, and the fearless reprover of the rich and powerful. It is long before he ventures even to name Margherita, except in his prayers; but the flesh is at length subdued by the spirit, and when Franciscolo Pusterla talks of his domestic happiness, his heart, instead of overflowing with envy, is filled with the purest complacency.

There is considerable beauty in the scenes by which this history is conducted, though they may not have the force of D'Azzeglio or Manzoni, in some passages, nor their tenderness in others. The tone of moral and religious feeling, at least, is substantially the same; and it bears out what we have more than once asserted of the modern Italian novels generally. We proceed to the other dramatic personæ in the story.

In the family of Pusterla was a young man

named Alpinolo, of unknown parentage, but destined to play a distinguished part in its fortunes, Ottorino Visconte, Margherita's brother, had found one day on the banks of the Po, near Cremona, at the house of a miller where he stopped a short time to rest, a boy of seven years old, who was playing with his children. The boy takes a great fancy to Ottorino's horse, and at last exclaims, "Oh! how I wish I had one!" At once pleased and amused at his frankness, Ottorino asked what he would do with it? "Ah! I know what I would do. I would go over sea and land to find my father." "But is it not your father who lives here?" "Oh, no," said the boy, shaking his head with a gentle sadness, "they found me here on the banks of the river; they carried me to that house, and they have brought me up . . . but, not to belong to anybody . . . never to be able, like other children, to say, dear father!" "And your mother?"—The child's eyes filled with tears, and, as he wiped them away with one hand, he pointed with the fore-finger of the other to a cross on a gentle eminence, from which hung a garland of daisies and gilliflowers newly gathered, and said, "There she is."—Ottorino is so much interested in the child that he offers to take charge of him, and, with the willing assent of the miller and his wife, they depart together. The boy continues with Ottorino till the death of the latter, when he is left to the charge of Margherita, with whom at her marriage he passes into the family of Pusterla. Here he is brought up in all knightly accomplishments, and is soon distinguished by his brilliant courage, but meets with not a few mortifications on account of his unknown birth, which makes him more anxious than ever to trace his origin.

Ramengo is another personage who bears a prominent part in the story. He is the son of a soldier of fortune, at whose death he is taken up by the Pusterla family, whom he hates for the favors bestowed upon him; and after events tend greatly to embitter that hatred. He manages to form a matrimonial alliance with Rosalia dei Torriani, by whose connexions he hopes to rise in the world, and by whose beauty he is for a short time captivated. She had been known to Pusterla in his youth, and had been treated by him with an affectionate courtesy, which had excited in the dark mind of Ramengo the suspicion of a mutual attachment. The episode, which details the sufferings and fate of Rosalia, is as effective as anything in the book. Her character is one of surpassing sweetness, perhaps almost out of nature. Her husband's love, if it ever deserved that name, soon cools, and at length is succeeded by hatred; for the suspicion of her attachment to Pusterla is apparently corroborated by untoward circumstances, and he considers himself betrayed. A terrible revenge follows. Rosalia with her child is left by her husband in a boat on a lake, out of reach of all human assistance. The scene of utter desolation and gradually approaching certainty of death, with all the thoughts and recollections it summons to the unfortunate woman's mind, is a good specimen of Cantu's style. It shows his accurate delineation of natural scenery, his knowledge of the workings of human passion in circumstances of peculiar distress, and his appreciation of the higher motives of human action in the nearest relations of life. His fault is diffuseness. He is anxious to leave nothing untold. He fears to leave anything to the reader's imagination. He is minute rather than suggestive. He finishes laboriously, instead of sketching boldly.

He makes us admire rather than feel. D'Azeglio would not have made the scene half as long, but he would have made it more touching. Rosalia is at last saved, but saved only to die. The reader needs scarcely be told that she is mother of Alpinolo, and that the father whom he is so eager to find is Ramengo.

Ramengo, in the mean time, is tasting the turbid pleasure of satisfied revenge. He has nothing to fear from investigation. The violent and lawless spirit of the age is too much in his favor to dread the consequences of his crime. He feigns sorrow at the sudden and unexpected death of his wife and child, and is readily believed. Conscience, however, at times makes itself heard, but he stifles its voice by laying his guilt at the door of Pusterla, whose supposed passion for Rosalie had urged him to the deed. Hatred towards him, therefore, and envy of his happiness with Margherita, the latter feeling increased tenfold by the birth of Venturino, are now the predominant passions of his soul. He forms the determination of seducing Margherita, or at least ruining her character, and thus reaching the heart of Pusterla through his wife. An attempt is made on the Eve of S. John, when the whole population of Milan were accustomed to pass the night in a wood near the city, in amusements similar to those of a masked ball during the Carnival. Ramengo singles out Margherita, keeps by her side during the promenade, though unrecognized by her in his disguise, and at last behaves with such insolence as to receive a blow. Its effect is instant, deep, and irremediable. Wounded pride is added to his previous thirst for vengeance, and from that moment he hates Margherita even more than he hates her husband, and swears that she shall remember the Eve of S. John.

It is from this point that the action of the story commences. What has gone before is told as a kind of episode, or as a preparation for the events that follow. The book opens with a vivid description of one of those gorgeous festivals, with which, in order to keep them in quiet subjection, the Italian princes of the 14th century were wont to dazzle the populace. A tournament had been proclaimed at Mantua, which was attended by knights and nobles from all the principal cities of Italy, and among the rest from Milan, whose profligate viceroy, Luchino Visconti, with his brilliant escort, bore off the principal prizes on that day. Among the gentlemen who figure in that gorgeous show, Francesco Pusterla is seen, discontented with the prince whose train he swells, but who treats him with neglect, and prepared to take umbrage even if no cause existed either for anger or suspicion. But an occasion soon offers. As the splendid cortège enters the city on its return to Milan, and is passing his own palace, Margherita and her child are standing on the balcony. Luchino, mounted on his superb charger, slackens his pace, eager to catch a look from his beautiful cousin, but she has no eyes except for her husband, and a cloud of vexation passes over the stern countenance of the Visconti. At this moment, in allusion both to the prince and Margherita, Ramengo, who is one of his favored courtiers, bows with cringing adulation, and exclaims:—

"For all that is great in man, or beautiful in woman, we must have recourse to the name of the Visconti."

"Yes, but there is not one of you that can make her grace our circles."

"True," replied Ramengo, "she is as proud and

why, as she is beautiful and graceful. But the more difficult the conquest, the more honorable the prize; and what shyness can resist the sighs of a prince?"

"Don't listen to him, patron," said the court jester: "you may lick your own chops; she is not meat for you."

"Why not? impudent rascal!" and half in anger he passed slowly on, caring neither for the pleasures of the courtiers, nor for the *vivas* of the people, but turning back from time to time to gaze at the Signora Pusterla.

Margherita never takes her eyes from her husband, as he passes on in the procession, accompanied by a young man and a friar, who had gone out on foot to meet him, and were now running by his side. The young man's looks, gestures, words, were all fire and animation; the countenance of the monk was full of a severe composure and gentle gravity: it told of a deep but calm struggle between the violence of the feelings and the resolution of the will: and the wrinkled brow, the thin and hollow cheeks, and the compressed lips, bore the mark impressed by misfortune upon its victims, as if to give them the comfort of knowing one another, and forming a mutual compact to resist it.

The annoying attention of the prince, and his backward glances, had not escaped Pusterla, who, turning to his equally observant companions, asked:—

"Did you see?"

"I saw," replied the monk, casting down his eyes like one to whom grave thoughts were habitual.

"Shameless fellow!" burst forth the young man, with eyes that sparkled with indignation: "This only was wanting! But, what may not one expect from a tyrant? Oh! why are there not a hundred men in Milan as resolute as myself? And you, Signor Francesco, why do you not resolve to make your name celebrated far and wide? Why do you not put an end to the slavery of your country and our common disgrace?"

The weakness of Pusterla's character soon appears. A few civil words from Luchino in the evening circle, and the offer of a confidential embassy to Verona, made only to get him out of the way, led at once to a forgetfulness of his old grievances and recent suspicions, and, in spite of the remonstrances of Alpinolo and Buonvicino, he departs. Margherita retires to her beautiful domain of Montebello, whither, under pretence of a hunting party, Luchino follows, stimulated by Ramengo, who insinuates that she had sought its solitude only for that purpose.

Dressed with the simple elegance suitable to the country, graceful and majestic in all her movements, she received the prince and his attendants with her usual courtesy. In the hall, and in the offices, the richest and most delicate refreshments were laid out for the nobles and their attendants. As they were enjoying these with much gayety and many pleasant jokes, mingled with the unrestrained fooleries of Grillincervello, the court jester, to which the lady opposed a dignified silence, Luchino expressed a wish to take a more complete view of the beautiful scenery, and complete appointments of the place. Margherita consented, and, strolling over the delightful declivity upon the summit of which the house stood, showed him the whole, while his attendants gave life and animation to the picture, as, in scattered groups, they stood admiring the salubrity of the air, and the smiling aspect of the season, when everything was at the height of beauty and fertility. But the lady led her Venturino constantly by the hand; a sedate waiting-woman never left her side, and some other attendants followed, as if in honor of her guest, who scarcely

found an opportunity to make one or two gallant speeches, which she affected to receive as common and insignificant civilities. As he took leave, therefore, after having lauded to the skies the beauty of the situation, and the taste with which the whole was laid out, Luchino whispered—"But, in a solitude, it were well if you were more alone."

We omit some intermediate events.

A few days after, full of insolent confidence, Luchino came back to the assault. As he draws near Montebello, all is silence. The windows are all closed. No banner waves from the turrets: and Luchino begins fuming with vexation. Grillincervello, the jester, ready to burst with laughter, spurs his mule forward, and soon after returns, reporting that the door is shut. Turning off, therefore, to a back court, they ask a porter whom they find there what is become of the mistress of the house?

"She is gone."

"When?"

"Yesterday evening, your Serene Highness."

"Where to?"

"I do not meddle with my mistress' affairs."

"But had she not made up her mind to stay here several days?"

"Several months, your Serene Highness."

"Why did she change her mind so suddenly?"

"I do not meddle with my mistress' affairs. My duty, your Serene Highness, is to obey."

Nothing could be more mortifying to Luchino than that any one else should witness a wrong done to him, or a failure of respect shown. Accordingly, he pretended to take the thing as a jest, joked about it himself, and gave those about him to understand that it was all a mutual arrangement, well understood between himself and Margherita. But the effort which it cost him thus to feign, only gave a keener edge to his secret anger, and, full of bitter malice, he swore to take vengeance of what he called an outrage. * * From that moment the love, or rather the voluptuous fancy of Luchino, meeting thus with opposition, was changed into deadly anger, and he determined with profound atrocity to find some means or other of destroying the unhappy woman who had offended him. Opportunities are seldom wanting to the powerful of injuring their enemies. They are too often supplied by the victims themselves, too often by their friends. The latter was the case here.

Alpinolo, meantime, without saying a word to any one, took the shortest road to Verona. Here, with all the lively coloring of an excited imagination, he details to Pusterla the base attempts of Luchino upon his wife's honor. Exasperated beyond measure to find that the mission, which he had considered a favor sufficient to cancel former grievances, was in fact only a new outrage, and greater than any he had sustained before, he throws up his post forthwith, and returns privately to Milan, full of dark and brooding thoughts, and cherishing the hope, not only of preventing the threatened disgrace, but revenging it. The chapter which speaks of his return, and of the meeting of the conspirators in the evening at his palace, opens with much beauty and tenderness, and is a favorable specimen of the devout feelings of the author. Margherita is teaching her child to pray.

"Good Jesus! who wast once a little child Thyself, and didst even then begin to suffer; who didst grow in years and in wisdom, and wast subject to Thy parents, and didst get favor with God and man; deign to guard my youth, and keep me from staining my innocence; and may all my works, done in conformity to Thy will, promise well for me to my parents and my fellow-citizens!"

Scarcely had his head touched the little pillow be-

fore Venturino's eyes closed in the dear and peaceful slumber of infancy, which falls asleep without a thought in the arms of angels, and without a thought wakes again. * * Happy, happy days! the happiest and best of our mortal existence! and they pass away unperceived!

Margherita watched the quickened respiration of the child; the vivid carnation, which sleep had diffused over his cheeks, tempted her to kiss them; and her countenance shone with that ineffable delight which can be comprehended only by those who have been absorbed in the contemplation of two eyes closed in sleep, which will smile lovingly upon them when they awake.

From this tranquil picture of maternal tenderness we are led to the meeting of the malcontents, which takes place secretly in the palace of the Pusterla, on the evening of his return. Margherita is present, but only takes part in the conference to soothe the general exasperation. Of this a superabundance is manifested, but nothing is resolved upon when they separate, except that Margherita with her husband and child should quit Milan without delay, till better times should make it safe for them to return. The design is unhappily frustrated by the imprudence of Alpinolo. Of the cries of *Long live Milan!* and *Death to the Visconti!* which had rung the evening before through the spacious apartments of the Pusterla, but little was remembered the next day by the wary though spirited nobles, who had attended the meeting. Even Pusterla himself had slept off much of his indignation. But Alpinolo, with the imprudent trustfulness of youth, looks upon the conspiracy, not only as formed, but ripe for execution. Accordingly, he wanders up and down the different streets of Milan in which armor is bought and sold, visits the shops, talks to the workmen, gives hints to one, and more than hints to another, of approaching change, and excites wonder in some, and curiosity in many more. At length he encounters the same male gossip who had excited his suspicions respecting Luchino's visits to Margherita, and, in his eagerness to prove her entire innocence, discovers the whole plot which he believes to be in embryo. The conversation takes place under a portico, so formed as to have the effect of the whispering gallery at St. Paul's, and is thus overheard by Ramengo, who comes forward when Alpinolo is again left alone, and availing himself of the information already gained, draws from him all the details of the conspiracy, and the names of all the conspirators. The whole is revealed the same night to Luchino, and several of them are immediately taken into custody. Soon after, as Alpinolo is crossing the Piazza del Duomo, he hears himself called in a low voice, which he finds to proceed from an officer of the police whom he had been accustomed to meet in society. As the officer passes, he beckons to him to follow with an air of mysterious alarm, and when they have reached a spot beyond the reach of observation, says, in a troubled and anxious voice:—

"Begone, fly, and make Pusterla be off as soon as possible."

"But why?"

"Signor Luchino has given orders that he shall be imprisoned, his wife, and all of you."

"Has he discovered, then . . . ?"

"Yes: everything; they have put Menelozzo to the torture, and he has told all."

"And who was the informer?"

"God knows! Nobody has spoken with the prince to-day but Ramengo."

"Ramengo! He then, whom I trusted so entirely, was a traitor! and my imprudence has brought on all this ruin!"

He then hastens, in a state bordering on distraction, to the palace of the Pusterla, and, finding Margherita and her husband both from home, mounts the fleetest horse he can find, and sets out at full speed to seek them. The police in the mean time arrives at the palace, accompanied by an armed man, whose vizor is lowered, and who, to all appearance well acquainted with the house, searches the different apartments, and is manifestly discontented at not discovering the objects of his search. At length, in one of the galleries, he spies Venturino, Margherita's beautiful child, who is playing with a sparrow-hawk, neither hearing nor heeding the tumult around him.

A bitter smile curled the quivering lip of the ruffian, as he darted upon him, seized him with savage delight, glared upon him as if he would tear him to pieces with his very eyes; and while the poor little fellow was crying out with all his might, and calling for his father and mother, he pressed him fiercely against his breast, and eagerly asked: "Where is thy mother?" But, as the child answered only with sighs and tears, he threatened him, struck him, and without letting him go for a moment, went on searching every room, and peeping into the most secret hiding places.

Margherita had been absent on a work of mercy.

As she was returning, closely wrapped in her mantle, she saw people pressing onwards; and, as she drew nearer, perceived a crowd collected round her palace. What can it be? What terror struck to the heart of the wife, the mother! Way was made for her through the crowd, through the soldiery. More than one voice cried: "Fly, escape!" and she herself, when she had come to the thick of the press, and saw the attack of the palace, was in doubt whether she should not go back; but, at that moment, a masked figure issues from the door, carrying her beloved child in his arms. At such a sight, what does a woman, a mother, know of danger? She rushed towards him; but had not time to reach him; for, no sooner had the unknown perceived her, than, giving the child a squeeze of infernal satisfaction, as he held him tightly in his arms, so as to make him cry out with the pain, he pointed the lady out to Sfolcada Melik, (the constable,) and said, "There she is; take her and bind her."

The constable issued his orders; but, as they seized her, the mantle fell off, and the majesty of the beautiful countenance became visible, the eyes lighted up with mingled love and fear, the paleness of the fair complexion, and the face on which was depicted with so much eloquence the generous sorrow, which forgot its own perils in those of others, and they stood as if even they were touched with a reverential terror. But Sfolcada, who could not understand, much less feel, the touching words which she addressed to him . . . forced them to put on the handcuffs and drag her away, not however before the ruffian, hid beneath his vizor, had drawn near the wretched lady, held her son out to her, and said in a low voice, but full of intense malice, "Margherita, remember the Eve of St. John!"

Alpinolo, in the mean time, has been seeking Pusterla like a madman through the streets of Milan, and encounters him at length in a distant and retired quarter of the city, wrapped up in his cloak, returning from one of his low and disgraceful assignments. Margherita, who had been absent from home on an errand of mercy, had fallen into the hands of the executioner; her husband, who had gone out for a very different purpose, had escaped. "So are they deceived," observes Cantu, "who

expect to be rewarded for their good here below." Francesco takes refuge in the convent of the Brera, where he is lodged in the cell of his friend Buonvicino; and Alpinolo sets off again at full speed to learn what has become of Margherita. He comes up just at the moment when she is borne away manacled in the arms of the soldiers, and is upon the point of throwing himself upon their halberds, when he sees Ramengo in the rear, roughly stopping the mouth of poor Venturino, who is shrieking aloud after his mother, and striking the little fellow without mercy on the head and stomach. Alpinolo attacks him furiously, when he takes to flight, but is overtaken. A combat ensues, and Ramengo would have been sacrificed to the vengeance of his unknown son, if the police had not made their appearance in the distance just in time to prevent it. Venturino, however, is saved, and carried to his father in the Brera.

Buonvicino meanwhile, measuring the anxiety of Pusterla by his own, after he had imparted to his unhappy friend those consolations, which, in such moments as these, can spring only from a religious trust in the care of Providence, went out to collect information, and see if any help could be afforded to Margherita, or if she was only within the reach of pity and compassion. With what sinking of heart did he make his way through the crowded thoroughfares of the city! With what trepidation did he draw near the several knots of timid or noisy persons, to collect, if possible, some information, were it only half a word dropped accidentally! With what anxiety did he question any monk of his acquaintance whom he chanced to meet! He was soon but too certain of, what he had too clearly foreseen, the misfortune which had happened to Margherita; but, not having been able fully to ascertain what had become of Venturino, he rose even above himself, and dragged his repugnant footsteps to the Pusterla Palace. There a crowd of the vilest populace were enjoying the plunder of the house, a license granted by Luchino to their plebeian greediness, in order to ensure their silence, or even draw forth their applause. Buonvicino entered, mounted the stairs, searched everywhere, inquired of everybody, but could discover nothing about the child. He looked round the saloon—that memorable saloon: everything was in disorder, everything destroyed; but there, in the recess of a window, in the very place where, in the day of his error and of his repentance, he had seen Margherita seated, he discovered an embroidering frame which seemed to have taken nobody's fancy, as a thing of too little value. Upon this Margherita had begun to embroider the flower which bears her name. Oh! who could have told, when she began, that she would never finish it? He took the relic, kissed it, and put it in his bosom, intending never to part with it again: but suddenly a more generous impulse sprang up in his soul and condemned this remnant of earthly affection. It recalled to his mind the life of perpetual self-denial upon which he had entered, and determined him to bring it as a gift to Pusterla. What could be more precious to him than the last work upon which his wife had been engaged!

Time passes on. In the cell of Buonvicino, the fugitives hear, day after day, the reward proclaimed to any one who will bring in Pusterla alive or dead; and, feeling that nothing can be done at present for Margherita, they determine on flight. Their escape is effected by means of one of the wagons in which the woollen cloths manufactured in the convent are conveyed to foreign countries: Venturino lies on the top, covered by the wrapper, Pusterla and Buonvicino walk behind, concealed by the dress of the order. They reach the confines of the territory

in safety; and here, in one of the houses belonging to the community, they separate.

"Farewell!" said Buonvicino, in a voice faltering with emotion. "Do you see the words sculptured over the door of our convent, *Spera in Deo*? Let them be engraved upon your heart. Rest your hopes upon that Lord, who gives even to the wild goat a country and a home, and guides the migrating swallow in his passage. He is everywhere, and watches over all; and, upon the soul of him whose prayers spring from the heart, He rains down blessings which the world can neither give nor take away. Let us call upon him together: let us pray that we may meet again—meet in peace and love, in happier and more tranquil days, for you, for me, for *her*, and for our country."

The trial of the conspirators follows. Partial and interested judges preside over the court, and they are brought in guilty. Of those who had been taken, some are beheaded, some hanged, and some starved to death in prison. The property of those who had made their escape is confiscated.

And Margherita was shut up at the summit of a lofty tower belonging to an unfinished fortress. The apartment allotted to her had none of the squalidness with which the atrocity, misnamed justice, punishes one who has not yet been pronounced worthy of punishment. She could see through the iron bars of her little window the tops of the houses; was still sensible that there was a living world around her; could hear the sound of the bells, the trampling of horses, the noise of the work-shops; could see the sky, the sun, and even some patches of the distant verdure—scanty amends, indeed, for all that she had lost, but the immense value of which is known, when the refinement of cruelty has taught us how much worse our condition may be.

Behold her then alone, torn from all her usual habits of life, from the freedom of her occupations, her relaxations, one might almost add, her thoughts; in the power of people unknown to her, from whom she never heard an accent of pity, never received a look of compassion; in a place where every noise freezes her heart like an icy hand, the drawing of every bolt strikes upon it like the blow of a knife.

The workings of her mind in solitude are described with great truthfulness, but with too much of that elaborate minuteness upon which we have animadverted already. She is treated with great brutality by the jailer who attends her, but behaves to him in return with the gentle dignity which belongs to her character. At length she receives an unwelcome visit from her kinsman and persecutor, Luchino.

He waited for her in a small apartment, seated in an arm-chair richly carved and gilded, and covered with costly damask. He had laid aside his cuirass, helmet, and greaves, and, with crossed legs, rested his left elbow on one of the arms, and his cheek on the back of his hand. Two eyes of intense brightness glittered in a face of manly beauty, peculiar to the visconti—a face on which manhood had stamped some wrinkles, traced there before by pride and passion. The rich hair flowed in ringlets from his uncovered head, and rested upon his ample shoulders; and, as he fixed his gaze upon the door in expectation of her coming, he suffered a mixture of base hopes and gratified vengeance to pass over his countenance.

Margherita appeared before him in a sad-colored robe, poor in its texture, and well-worn from constant use, but in whose folds, as well as in the arrangement of the head-dress, might still be seen the graceful habits of the elegant gentlewoman, who once drew from the lips of all who saw her an exclamation of delight. Since that time, how was she changed!

And yet, among so many signs of suffering, she still looked much too beautiful to escape, as she could have wished, the licentious notice of her tyrant. And her beauty was heightened by the look of calm superiority which innocence wears when it is called upon, by social combinations not as rare as they should be, to justify its own rectitude in the presence of triumphant wickedness.

To men practised in vice, a new crime costs but little; and Luchino had been expecting her with the indolent security of the fowler who is awaiting his prey in the decoy. Perhaps, erudite as he was, he might be recalling to his recollection the Roman emperor, who, as he was fondly caressing the head of a beloved mistress, said, "I am so much the more pleased with thee, because I know that with a word I could have thee rolling at my feet." It is true that he had not any fixed purpose in his mind of using violence; or, rather, he had no idea that it would be necessary. Base souls judge of others by themselves. In those unhappy times Luchino had rarely, if ever, in all his transitory caprices, found a beauty who could resist the united charms of gold, vanity, and power. How could he believe that she would?—she, whose past sufferings must have already shown her on whom her fortunes depended; shown how his bare command would bring her down to the lowest pitch of wretchedness, or raise her to the highest place at court, among her equals, and, what is more, restore her to her husband, to her child—contaminated, indeed—but what of that? The only sentiment which tyrants can imagine in their subjects, is the fear of them or the hope. They fancy that their subjects only live for them; that they can even govern their thoughts—even make them love them! Accordingly, when poor Margherita appeared, he addressed her courteously:—

"In what a different state do I see you again, lady!"

"In that," replied Margherita, "to which your serene highness has been pleased to reduce me."

"There!" exclaimed Luchino, striking the arm of his chair with the palm of his hand. "There! The very first words are those of pride and repugnance. Misfortune, then, has not blunted the edge of your arrogant presumption! Why not rather acknowledge your error? Why not say, I am in the state to which my own folly and that of others have brought me?"

"Prince!" replied the lady, with mournful dignity, "I beg you to remember that I have not yet been tried, and that my trial may show how unjustly crimes are laid to my charge of which I am entirely ignorant. As to the rest, the serenity of my countenance ought to bear testimony to my innocence."

He smiled with the cold and cruel pride of the powerful villain when he hears the name of virtue, and added, "Even the ruffian who has shed the blood of many, can hide his guilt under a show of serenity. I have never seen a rebel who has not begun by wearing the outward semblance of that innocence, which has disappeared, afterwards, in the presence of proof. The proofs must have been strong, lady—very strong—which could lead me to bring hither a person whom you know how much I esteem—how much I love."

And, rising, he came forward with an air of bold familiarity; but she drew back in mournful silence. How one is cut to the quick by protestations of love which come from the lips of our persecutors, I would not wish my bitterest enemy to feel.

"But you!" continued Luchino, "how have you responded to all the proofs of my affection? Haughtiness, disgust, scorn, and then—the transition is easy—conspiracies, treason! But who are you to dare thus boldly against your master? Miserable wretches! He has only to blow with his breath, and you are dust."

And so he went on, trying her in different ways, now soothing and placid, now threatening and aus-

tere, while she, always dignified and self-possessed, refuted his arguments, waited till his violence had subsided, asked pardon though she had reason on her side, while he loaded her with abuse, and called himself the offended person—a vicissitude but too common in the annals of poor humanity. Above all, her utmost efforts were directed to ward off, or cut short, the topic to which he always returned, that of his love; and, when Luchino still persisted, she said to him—

"But, prince, if you really love me, why do you not grant my request, the first, and, perhaps, the last, that I shall ever make to you? Save my husband! save my child!" and throwing herself at his feet, she embraced his knees, and with all the eloquence of beauty and innocence overwhelmed by misfortune, repeated, "Save them!"

"Yes," he replied, "it rests with you. You know the way. Less pride on your side, and I will save and restore them to you."

The heart of the wretched Margherita had always been torn with anxious fears lest those who were so dear to her had fallen victims to the enemy. I know not if the wish of discovering the truth had mingled anything of art or premeditation in the prayer, but the answer satisfied her that they were living, and, her heart bounding with a joy which she made no effort to conceal, she exclaimed, "Then they are still alive! O prince! O my lord! Give them back to me; they are innocent . . . I alone am guilty. Punish me, if you will—*me!* but not *them.* . . . O my lord! I implore you, with the passionate eagerness with which, at the point of death, you will implore God to pardon you . . . only let me see them . . . see them once more, and then punish me as you will."

He had come to torment her, and he had comforted her against his wish; he had reckoned upon her being cast down, and, without perceiving it, he had himself given her strength and courage. Luchino was not a little provoked at this, and, as often happens when men meet with unexpected obstacles, he floundered still more, the more he endeavored to free himself, and lost his habitual coolness. Now he made a merit of his involuntary revelation, now tried to tear from her the hope with which she had suffered herself to be soothed.

"Yes," he resumed, "do not doubt it—you shall see them! you shall see them! and be sorry for it. Whithersoever they have escaped, I shall soon get at them. Then—oh! then!—"

"Escaped! how? Have they then escaped?" she exclaimed, almost beside herself at the unhopd-for happiness. "Then they are not in your power! Not in your power, and alive! Oh! joy! joy!" And rising, her hands lifted up towards heaven, and her tearful face beaming with a ray of ineffable delight, she resumed, "Great God! I thank Thee! I complained of being forgotten in my misfortunes, and it was far otherwise. No! Thou hadst not forsaken me. What are sufferings to me now? O prince, I complain no longer. I am willing to suffer whatever you may inflict. I will bear all in silence. Increase my sufferings twofold; refine upon their cruelty; if they are safe, I do not even care for life."

Her triumphant joy gave tenfold force to the tyrant's rage. His exasperation was beyond all bounds at having revealed a circumstance of which he had believed her ignorant, and at seeing himself thus nakedly exposed, his injustice staring him in the face, and nothing expected from him but an exaggeration of punishment. He had now, therefore, only to redouble his menaces, and try to turn the tumult which they excited in her mind to the profit of his unworthy attempts; but, if she had stood firm against both terrors and seductions before, judge if she was likely to yield to them now, when her dear ones were alive and free—now that she did not care for his anger, since the objects of her anxiety were not exposed to it.

But let us spare the reader the pain of prolonging

a colloquy more easy to imagine than proper to be described; suffice it to say that Margherita triumphed.

"Tremble! You know not how far my vengeance can go!" were the last words which he thundered after her in his rage, while she, casting up her eyes, with a smile of that pure serenity which shines like a ray from heaven on the countenance of virtue, when it has just escaped from great and imminent peril, thanked God fervently in her heart, and returned to her prison.

Grillincervello, the fool, who resembles Sir Mungo Malagrowth in the pleasure which he feels in telling disagreeable truths, meets his master, at this moment, with a biting sarcasm, and is kicked from the top of the stairs to the bottom for his pains. He is lamed for life, and all the comfort he gets from the courtiers who witness his chastisement, and whom, indeed, he has often sufficiently plagued, in one way or other, is, that the spiteful fellow has only got his due. Luchino returns to the palace, dismounts in silence, and, after remaining a short time alone, sends for his secretary, as if to forget his own cares in despatching the business of others. We extract their brief conversation, both as a specimen of the summary manner in which Luchino transacts such affairs, and because the part which relates to Ramengo bears upon the catastrophe.

The secretary produced some papers, and running his eye over them, said, "The Governor of Robeaca sends word that a shepherd has been caught cutting a stake in your serene highness' woods."

"Cut off his hand," said Luchino.

The secretary bowed, and went on; "in the Borough of Abbiatograsso, where your mightiness has a villa, a pilgrim passed the night, who had just come from Tuscany, and a case of plague has been discovered."

"Let the house, the pilgrim, and the host, be all burnt together."

"The constable, Sfolcada Melik, writes, that one of the soldiers had stolen a countryman's spade."

"Let him be hanged with the spade beside him."

"It has been done, and the countryman paid for his spade; but he came at night to take it away from the gallows."

"Well! let him be hanged upon the same gallows, and the spade between them."

"You shall be obeyed. Then, here is a letter from Ramengo da Casale."

"Ramengo! and where from?" eagerly interrupted Luchino.

From Pisa, on the point of embarking; and he writes, in cipher, that he has scented, as he says, the covey which your serene highness aims at, and trusts in a short time to bring it within your reach."

"Indeed! Well—very well! Just in the nick of time!" exclaimed Luchino, clapping his hands, as if in self-gratulation, and bursting into a laugh of savage delight.

"But," resumed the secretary, "this Ramengo, after the usual respects and good wishes, asks your serene highness a favor."

"A favor! What? will he never be satisfied? What an infamous set these informers are! Is it not enough that we trust them?—Vile scum of the earth, which one would not touch even with one's foot, if they were not wanted to keep some others in their duty! But what would he have? Speak out! let us hear."

"He reminds you that, by the Statutes of Milan, cap. 157, he who delivers up a proscribed person is to have full power of freeing another from whatever—"

"What have we to do with his statutes? I am the law. But what does he want?"

"He implores your serene highness to grant, without reserve or restriction, impunity for every crime committed either by himself or by his son."

"His son! Where has he a son? I don't know him."

"He says as much; for he adds, that he reserves to himself the honor of making him known to your serene highness."

"Yes, yes! well!" replied Luchino, "send off directly a brief of the most entire, most absolute impunity, but on condition that he puts into my hands, as soon as possible, he knows what. Spare no promises; but press upon him that he must show himself infallible, and quickly. Do you understand? quickly."

"We have always fresh reasons for admiring your sovereign clemency," exclaimed the secretary, as he made his bow and retired; while Luchino, with more triumph in his countenance than there could be joy in his heart, rubbed his hands, threw back his head with a gesture of savage delight, and thought: "See! the chastisement follows closely after the offence. Proud woman! You shall be satisfied! I wanted this soothing balm, and I am now relieved."

The severity of Luchino's orders on that day fell, as might be expected, with peculiar force upon Margherita. She was removed from her small, but not uncomfortable, apartment in the turret, and thrown into a dungeon underground. It was a room in which she could scarcely take three or four steps, and the only light which it received was from a small grating high up in the wall, which looked into an inner court, and from which, on rainy days, moisture kept constantly dripping and covering the place with mould. And yet, at her first entrance into this den, Margherita threw herself on her knees to thank the Virgin that her honor was saved, and her husband and child living. But she soon feels the change.

In her former prison she could see the verdure of the meadows, watch the buds of the trees swell and put forth their leaves, hear the song of the birds, feel the soft air of spring fan her cheek, and look over the wide expanse of the plain to the distant mountains, rich with the varying tints of the rising or declining day. But here, if she stretched on tiptoe to the narrow opening through which she received light and air, she saw nothing but iron gratings, within which other wretched beings were languishing, some robbers and murderers, but some, it might be, as innocent as herself.

Often would she pray to God to give them patience, and as she raised her beautiful eyes in the act of supplication, and saw the small space of the empty firmament which was visible, she would stop to contemplate it. Oh! how well does the prisoner know every star, every cloud, every accidental variation of the hand's-breadth of the sky, on which he has so often fixed his gaze!

Then, if she looked about her, on a level with her little window was the ditch which surrounded the court-yard, along which the sentinel was taking his rounds. From time to time she would see some new victim brought in, and shudder. Sometimes one would be set at liberty, and she would rejoice with him. Sometimes one would be led out to death, and there were moments when she would exclaim, "With him, at least, all is over." Then she would come down from the window, her eyes filled with tears, and pray; and, as if the idea of death, so terrible to the prosperous, brought to her the consolation of knowing that her miseries would not last forever, and that another order of things must be near, she would seat herself more tranquilly upon her hard pallet, and there recall

past times, times of innocent enjoyment, of beneficent prosperity, and think of the hopes she had cherished, the dear ones from whom she was now torn. Sometimes she would even sing the songs that she had heard, or sung herself, in the pleasant days of youth, when she sat within at her embroidery, or, in spring, wandered with her companions to gather bunches of primroses or sprigs of myrtle; or, in summer, glided in a little skiff along the flowery banks of the Vergante with a gentle breeze, drinking in the beauties of creation, and offering to the Creator the homage of a pure and joyful heart. Sometimes they were songs of love, but more frequently mournful airs, whose pensive harmony accorded better with the tone of her feelings. One romance in particular went above all others directly to her heart. It was one composed in other times by Buonicino, and which he had often accompanied on the lute, while she sang the words to notes also of his own composing.

There is something very touching in this return, at such a time, to the memory of her early affection, but we feel as if it were not quite in character either with the person or the situation. The romance is given, and it is not only full of plaintive tenderness, but of pure and simple feeling; but surrounded as Margherita then was with the images of misery and death, she should, we think, have remembered her former lover only as the minister of God. One would have rather heard her singing the hymns and offices of the church, which, at such a time, would be much more fitted to give her comfort.

One day, about nightfall, she was interrupted in this romance by an unusual trampling of horses in the court-yard, accompanied by loud bursts of laughter, mingled with insult and abuse, among which might be distinguished sounds of a more gentle lamentation than is usually heard from prisoners, and quite out of harmony with the rough voices which it was now her wont to hear. How is the heart of the miserable ever open to apprehension! With the anxiety of a dove, who has seen the cuckoo fix its eyes upon the nest of her young ones, Margherita leaped up to her breathing hole, clung with her delicate hands to the heavy iron bars, threw a rapid glance on the mingled crowd before her, and saw a little boy, whose light hair fell in disorder over his eyes, shrieking and struggling in the arms of the ruffians, and crying out, "Father! father!" to one who, loaded with chains, and with downcast countenance, slowly and sadly followed.

Margherita uttered a shriek as if she had been suddenly struck to the heart. Her eyes, her ears, even at that distance, and in spite of the dubious and uncertain light, had forced her to recognize her own Franciscolo, her own Venturino.

Poor thing! if it were only possible that she could be deceived!

The story now returns to the events which had taken place since Margherita's imprisonment, and the flight of Franciscolo and Venturino. Ramengo, in the depth of his malignant wickedness, offers to go himself in search of the chief conspirator and his accomplices, and the offer is accepted. In order to give color to his departure, and throw the fugitives off their guard, Luchino affects to number him among the proscribed. He sets out on his secret expedition, and, determining to penetrate into the heart of Italy, arrives one stormy evening at the mouth of the Adda. Here he takes shelter in the mill, to which Rosalia and Alpinolo had been carried eighteen years before. Here, as he is looking to his horse, he sees another charger in the stable, which he finds to be Alpinolo's. He learns that he had made his appearance at the mill imme-

diately after the outbreak at Milan, but was now gone they knew not whither, after leaving in the hands of the miller's wife, his foster-mother, a ring and some papers, the only treasure he possessed. Ramengo passes the night in the mill. The story of Rosalia's rescue and that of her child is told, and at length the ring and the papers are produced, the suspicious letters are read, Ramengo discovers his wife's innocence, and finds that he is virtually her murderer. One consolation only remains. Alpinolo is his son, not the son of Pusterla, and all his desire now is to find him out, recognize, and embrace him. In the course of his wanderings he reaches Pisa on the anniversary of the *Battle of the Bridge*, celebrated in commemoration of a battle fought between its inhabitants and the Saracens, three hundred years before, when the bridge was attacked by the latter, and defended with complete success by the former. Ramengo mingles with the crowd, and encounters not a few of the fugitives from Milan, and with his usual cunning draws from them the important fact that Pusterla has taken refuge at the court of Avignon. He finds also that Alpinolo is at Pisa, and, full of the satisfaction derived from this twofold information, he goes, in high spirits, to witness the approaching contest.

In the thickest of the encounter, Alpinolo suddenly makes his appearance among the combatants, and bears off the principal honors of the day. The father and son are confronted in the moment of victory. But in vain Ramengo tries to contrive a private interview; in vain does he by signs entreat his son to be silent; in vain does he beckon him to come and speak with him. "Ramengo!" he shouts, with a roar like that of a wounded bull, "Vile informer! infamous spy! have I then caught thee? Make way! Only let me get at him! One blow shall pay for all." It is not without great difficulty that Ramengo escapes the danger of being killed by his own son. All this only increases his hatred for Pusterla. "Because he excited my suspicions by showing attention to my wife, I became her murderer. A son, however, at least, remained to me—a son who might have been my joy and pride, and made me the envy of those who now perhaps despise me. But again this infamous scoundrel has come between us; and by his mad fancies father and son are divided, made enemies to one another. But no; I will never cease till I am reconciled to my son; I will take this fellow who thus bewitches him out of the way. Then we shall draw near one another; I shall appear again, and with him, in society, at Milan, at court. But thou, cursed wretch, who art the cause of his detaching himself from me, now that I know thy hiding-place, may I never be a man again, if I do not make thee pay the penalty with thy blood!" It was at this time that he wrote the letter to Luchino, to which on the day of the prince's interview with Margherita the secretary had directed his attention, and in which Ramengo had demanded impunity for his son as a reward for his own successful efforts to find Pusterla. A few days after, he was on his voyage to Avignon, while Alpinolo was seeking him far and near; but the father and son never met again, till they met in a dreadful place, and at a dreadful time.

Franciscolo, meanwhile, after having encountered many vicissitudes, and eaten the bitter bread of exile, finds himself at Avignon under the protection of his uncle, a churchman, who holds a distinguished place in the Papal court. Here he

passes his time rather too gayly for a man under his painful circumstances. He never, indeed, forgets Margherita in her imprisonment, nor fails to treat Venturino with paternal kindness, but he seems to enjoy himself more than might naturally have been expected in the brilliant society of the place. Some of the Papal courtiers are graphically described. Petrarch, for whose moral qualities we confess that we have no great respect, seems to us done to the life:—

Among these (the men of literary eminence) Franciscus Petrarca, whose fame, although he was scarcely thirty-six years old, had already extended throughout all Europe, held the most distinguished rank. The darling of popes and prelates, he took up his abode at Valcluse, a few miles distant from Avignon, fattening upon benefices while he was writing about philosophy; imitating the verses of the Provençals in Italian sonnets and *canzoni*, destined to belie the assertion that he who imitates others will never be imitated himself; giving advice to potentates who would never take it, and making love in rhyme, from fourteen years of age upwards, to a lady of thirty-two, who had been married at fifteen, and while the poet went on singing her virgin chastity, had brought her husband a troop of children. The platonizing poet aspired to Laura's love, Laura to everlasting fame, pretending just as much reserve as was necessary to prevent the singer from escaping her net. She succeeded in her intentions; whether or not he did in his, is still disputed among physiologists and savans.

Petrarca was himself an exile; had written a book on *The Remedies of either Fortune*; was a philosopher; by the common voice a patriot, and a great lover of Italy. Franciscus, who had known him both at Padua and Milan, hoped to derive both counsel and consolation from his advice; and therefore went to visit him at Valcluse, accompanied by Venturino, persuaded that the sight of so great a man, and above all his conversation, must inspire a child with generous sentiments.

In the centre of a stupendous mountain, a deep and shady grotto expands itself, from which the waters of the Sorga are discharged, and shut in by inaccessible rocks, it forms the valley which bears a name so analogous to its nature. Here, in a delicious villa, Franciscus found Petrarca, surrounded by antiquities, which he preserved with jealous care, and large book-cases of nut-wood, securely locked, within which were guarded the rich treasures of his learned volumes. Scarce had the poet recognized his visitor before he read to him the sonnet—

Piangete, o donne, et con voi pianga amore,

which he had just composed on the death of Cino da Pistoja, who had been his master in poetry.

When he had finished, and had asked Pusterla if it was not a real *chef-d'œuvre*, without waiting for another word, except praise and congratulation, "Pray," he said, "why have you left Italy, and the honored shores? I, too, have run through the barbarous countries; I have visited the Gallias as far as the Rhine and Germany; not that I had any business there, but only for the love of learning, like that great man who saw many cities, and observed many customs and manners. I have coasted along the shores of Spain, I have navigated the ocean, I have even touched at England; but all that I have seen has only made me love and admire Italy still more. And now for her I would willingly leave this western Babylon, than which the sun has never seen anything more void of form and beauty. I would leave the fierce Rhone, which resembles the foaming Cocythus of the Tartarean Acheron, if love did not keep me here, if I had not here all that is dear to me. Here, on the 6th of April, 1327, I first became acquainted with her who was destined to rob me of peace; and the clear,

fresh, sweet waters of the Sorga have become my Hippocrene. Here, for the present, I write my sighs in vulgar rhymes; but two years ago I began my *Africa*, a poem which will make me, in time to come, as immortal as Virgil and Statius. My friends find me out here, the great seek me, and though I do not give credit to the follies of the alchemist and the astrologer, I see how truly one of them predicted, when he said of me as a child, that I should enjoy the friendship of the greatest and most illustrious men of the age. And you—are you anything of a student?"

And then, almost before Franciscus could slip in a simple "yes," he went on:—

"Whatever you do, stick to the classics. Do not let these modern philosophers take you in. Better study Cicero than Aristotle or Averroes, from whom they suck in their impiety. They wanted to make me an atheist, and because I stick to the old *credo*, they say that I am a good kind of man enough, but a mere ignoramus."

In short, Petrarca would let nobody speak but himself, and it was of himself only that he would talk, so that Venturino's account to his uncle was, that the canon was a famous preacher, while Franciscus, leaving all his admiration behind him, carried away the idea that these great men are no great help or comfort to any one who is in affliction; and he was not far wrong.

After his visit to Valombrosa, however, Pusterla's desire to revisit Italy, and his anxiety about Margherita, Buonvicino and his other friends, is heightened; and the coronation of Petrarca at Rome, which takes place soon after, adds fuel to the flame:—

His intimacy with the poet had increased by seeing him in company with the cardinals, to whom Petrarca was profuse in his adulation, and he had begged him to write from Italy. He did so, and, after having painted in glowing colors the beauties which he was now beholding again, the beauties of the country *che Apennin parte*, and the festivity and reverence with which he was everywhere received, he besought him to fly from his present retreat: "Go anywhere, even among the wild Indians, rather than remain in that Babylon, live in that hell. Avignon is the sink of all abominations; its houses, its palaces, its churches, its cathedrals, even the very air and soil, all are pregnant with lies; the most sacred truths are treated there as absurd and childish fables; it would be a land of malediction, if it had not given birth to Laura." All this, however, was only an exercise in composition, for Petrarca was in reality satisfied enough with this *hell*, and was about to return to it again in a short time; but the words sounded sadly to Pusterla, and struck painfully upon his ulcerated heart.

A change of policy at the Papal court increases Franciscus's disinclination to remain at Avignon; and, at this juncture, Ramengo makes his appearance, and contrives by an ingenious mixture of truth and falsehood, to remove all suspicion from the mind of his victim, and gain his entire confidence. At length, by means of a forged invitation to Verona, the governor of which was one of his intimate friends, Pusterla is thrown off his guard and induced to accompany Ramengo in a vessel professedly bound to that place.

The vessel which had borne Pusterla from France, had from the first encountered various vicissitudes. Torrents of rain, whirlwinds and furious tempests, more than are wont to take place in those seas, seemed as if they would drive the unhappy wanderers from the much desired but fatal shore. Venturino, when he had a little recovered from the stupefied nausea occasioned by the heaving of the vessel, said—

"Oh, father, why did we leave that country?"

There we were upon firm ground, and could stand steadily upon our feet."

"Because," Pusterla replied, "it was not our country."

"But where are we going now?"

"Don't you know? To Italy."

"Italy! Oh, then, it is to our own country! There we shall hear them speak as we do, and see all the people that we know. And mamma? shall we see her soon?"

"Poor mamma!" replied Franciscolo, sighing, as he smoothed the light and curling locks of his child; "Yes, we shall see her, if it please God. And now let us pray for her."

"Pray! oh, a day never passes without my doing that; and I never forget her for a moment. This very night I was dreaming about her. I fancied we were at Montebello, in our country house; and yet it was in the city; she and I were in the parlor, and you came in on horseback with an army of soldiers. . . I don't quite recollect how it was; but I know that I never saw her look more beautiful, and that I never loved her better. Oh, if I were only grown up! if my arm was as strong as yours or Alpinolo's, I would soon manage to set her at liberty."

For some time, his conductor wears the mask of friendship, but when they reach the port of Pisa, contrary to the faith of nations, the vessel is boarded by a privateer in the pay of Luchino, and Pusterla and his son are seized.

When Alpinolo, on the night of Margherita's imprisonment, had consigned her little boy to the care of Fra Buonvicino, he sought, as we have seen, the humble protectors of his infancy, by whom he was received with overflowing joy. With them he left his horse, his money, and even the ring, which he held dearer than all, as the only memorial of his parents, and which he had sworn never to part with except in a case of the utmost emergency. That time he fancied was now come, for he had determined upon suicide. Accordingly, he has scarcely left his foster-parents before he throws himself into the river, but soon, under the influence of better and more healthful feelings, determines to endure life, and swims to shore. He then proceeds to Pisa, where he makes acquaintance with the fugitives and malcontents who had taken refuge there. By them he is induced, in spite of his native generosity, to enter into an engagement to assassinate Luchino, and for this purpose enlists as a common soldier into the guard commanded by Sfolcada Melik, after having previously paid a second visit to the mill, and procured his mother's ring, but not her letters, which Ramengo in his fury had destroyed. He shrinks, however, from the projected assassination. Luchino is often in his power, but he feels that he cannot murder a defenceless man. At length he learns that Pusterla and his son are taken, and the execution of the whole family determined, and makes up his mind to try and effect their escape. He contrives without much difficulty to be appointed one of the sentinels who guard the prison, and, by means of a well-filled purse and the memorable ring, manages to win over Margherita's pitiless jailer. He has then an interview with Fra Buonvicino, described with much beauty, in which he details his plan, and asks the monk's assistance. Buonvicino undertakes to have horses ready for flight, and the memorable evening comes.

A look black as thunder from Alpinolo, and a squeeze of the hand, which might have been mistaken for a pair of pincers, made the jailer aware that it was no longer time to draw back, or even stand in sus-

pense. That the business, therefore, might run no risk of miscarrying, he took off his shoes, or rather socks, which at that time did instead, fell upon his knees, and repeated a prayer, which nothing but terror could draw from his lips, and with which he only wanted to make Heaven his accomplice. Then, stealing along, he extinguished the lamp, which gave a feeble light to the passage, took the keys from his girdle, and crept close by the wall, feeling his way before him, to the cell of Francesco Pusterla.

Accustomed as he always was to stride noisily along, whistling and singing songs with a deafening voice, without the least consideration for the prisoners, whose slumbers he often broke, and whose dreams he disturbed, he now moved with all the jealous and fearful anxiety of a mother, who is hovering round the cradle of her sick infant. The least rustle of his clothes made his blood curdle; his steps, barefooted as he was, seemed to sound to him more heavily than those of a warrior armed from head to foot; he tried even to hold his breath; the keys, for all he could do, would creak as they turned in the lock, and the doorpost rattle; and his hair stood upright upon his head with less fear but more anxiety. Alpinolo kept constantly at his elbow, in the breathless suspense of a robber, whose accomplice is busy in ransacking the money chest of an usurer. At length the door was unlocked, the bolt drawn, and Alpinolo rushed hastily down two or three rough steps, crying in a low voice, "Francesco! Signor Francesco!"

On hearing his prison-door opened at such an unusual hour, and in such an unusual manner, the imagination of Pusterla had conjured up all those fears of violence and assassination which are habitual to the incarcerated. He fell on his knees, prayed to God to pardon his sins, and recommended his soul to Him as if he were on the point of appearing before His presence; awakened his little Venturino, kissed him, set him in the furthest corner of the prison, saying, "Be still," covered him with a cloak, placed before him, like a trench, the little furniture he had, a stool and a pitcher, from an instinct of paternal tenderness, which has recourse to every means of defence, weak and ineffective as reason warns us they must be. Thus the hen, when she hears the sound of the kite, as he expands his ample wings over her head, cries out to her chickens, and covers them under her feathers, though she cannot guard them a moment from his clutches.

In the midst of these painful and ineffectual efforts he hears some one call him by name; he starts; it is a voice he knows, but has not heard for a long time.

"Who is there?" he cried; "a murderer or a friend?"

"Silence!" replied Alpinolo, "a friend," and he told his name; "I come to set you free; lose no time; let us be off."

"And Margherita?" was Franciscolo's only reply.

"She will come too."

"God help us!" and he squeezed the young man's hand as he spoke, so as to express all the passionate gratitude of one, who, forsaken and betrayed by all besides, and brought even to death's door, has at last found a friend. The young man felt it, felt all its worth, felt that it overpaid him for what he had done. Franciscolo then took the child in his arms, repeating to him from time to time, "Be still."

The jailer, to whom this short delay had seemed an eternity, could not see them, but he heard them re-ascend the steps, and whispered in their ear, "Tread softly."

Thus they reached Margherita's apartment. The miserable woman had not forgotten (what does a prisoner forget?) that this was the seventh birthday of her Venturino. How many thoughts and feelings did such a recollection bring to his unfortunate mother! The pains of childbirth, softened by the comfort of seeing, touching, kissing, a tender creature, a living

being, a part of herself, the pledge of a pure and happy love—a new bond of tender union between the wife and the husband; the never-ceasing delight of looking at it, fondling it, hushing it to sleep; sustaining with her own milk the life she gave; these are the pleasures which Heaven has vouchsafed to mothers as a recompense for the pains and labors of their sacred state. But when Margherita recurred to that day, her mind dwelt on a commodious apartment, a comfortable bed, numerous attendants, all lavishing eagerly upon her tender cares, kind sympathy, eager congratulation, and, to crown all, a proud and happy husband, and all the joys which dance around the cradle of a new-born child. But now, what a change! Squalor, darkness, insult, apprehension, terror; and, worse than all this, separation from her husband, with the knowledge that he was suffering torments equal to her own, if not still more terrible. And that child, that dear and innocent creature, once her comfort and delight, condemned in the morning of life, without crime, without even the possibility of crime, to suffer the punishment of the guilty. This day, which was wont to be a domestic festival, a day of mutual congratulation, when they were together, could now only embitter her anguish, now that, so near to him, to *them*, she could not give them one embrace—could not even see them. Oh! if she could but see them, if it were only from a distance! It seemed as if that small boon would make her heart overflow with sweet delight, and she ventured to ask it of her tender and compassionate Saviour. Then kneeling down again, she prayed that the tender plant, at least, might be spared—spared to grow up, and preserve a compassionate remembrance of a father and mother, to what fate reserved!

Then, when prayer had restored her to some degree of calmness, she exclaimed, "Lord! Thy will be done!"

At length her eyes were closed in sleep, which, in spite of their tormentors, comes to the relief of those who suffer. Then her guardian angel unfolded to that innocent soul peaceful dreams, tranquil visions of the past, cheering hopes for the future. The images which had occupied her mind during the day woke up again in sleep. She imagined herself at liberty, and wandering freely with her friends on the banks of Lago Maggiore. It was the most beautiful spring she had ever seen; nothing was to be seen but flowers, nothing heard but sportive laughter, and songs of mysterious gladness, such as nature pours forth when she would invite her children to the banquet of benevolence and joy, while the imagination added those ideal charms which fling their coloring over a long unsatisfied desire. She seemed to be playing there with the friends of her youth, yet to be already a mother, and to be showing them her child, whom she held to her breast; then, gently lifting up the cloth which covered him, she seemed to point out to them the face fair as alabaster, and the eyes blue as the heaven from whence he came.

And lo! a faint voice strikes her ear from a distance. "Margherita! Margherita!" "It is my husband," she said. "How long it is since I heard that voice! He must be out of prison, and wants to see his son. I am coming. Farewell, my companions, enjoy yourselves till I return."

And in fact, though still dreaming, she rises from her pallet and, with the stifled voice of a somnambulist, answers, "I am coming," and, moving forward in reality, feels herself suddenly embraced. At that touch, at that voice, which sounded in her ear, as that of his divine Friend, which recalled him from the realms of death, must have sounded in the ear of Lazarus, after he had lain four days in the tomb, she, too, awakes, and finds herself in the arms of her Francesco; in his arms, and the child between them! She thought herself dreaming still, moved forward, rubbed her eyes—it was *his* hand which pressed her face to

his; they were *his* kisses; the burning tears which rained down the cheeks of both were real. What a moment! quaff it, forlorn one! quaff it in all its blissful intoxication, bought with so much suffering; enjoy the flash flung athwart the night of thy anguish! the flash! it is no more.

"Hush!" said Francesco to her, "Hush! and follow me."

Margherita did not answer a word, but took the child from his arms, pressed him to her bosom, covered him with kisses, bathed him with her tears. O you, who are mothers, you alone will be able to comprehend that moment! The little boy did not know who it was that kissed him so affectionately, and held him so closely to her heart; but by the reciprocal feeling which love produces, he also lavished on his side kisses and caresses. Margherita, still pressing him closely to her bosom, partly from affection, and partly to keep him quiet, followed the footsteps of her husband, who, taking her by the arm, kept close to Alpinolo, as the young man felt before him with the hand that held the halbert, and with the other kept fast hold of the jailer. This last led the way with slow and lengthy strides, his body crumpled up so as to occupy as little space as possible, resting entirely upon his right foot, stretching out his hands like feelers, and stopping every now and then to listen.

And now the first corridor is passed, and the door within which the guard is asleep; passed a dark entry which leads to the jailer's kitchen, and, when he has shut the door behind him, he breathes freely, as if he had accomplished the most difficult part of the undertaking. Another door leads into a courtyard; they open it; a small door is seen in front; five steps are to be ascended; open that door, leap a narrow ditch, and they are safe. They listen, with outstretched ears, upon the threshold. . . . All is still. But a sentinel, fast asleep, was lying at full length upon a low wall at the side, his face resting upon his arms. The jailer pointed him out anxiously to Alpinolo, but this last, pushing him forward, made signs that it was nothing—that the man was fast asleep and would not wake, and that there was no cause to fear. They step out, ascend three steps, and Margherita, who came last with Venturino, had put her foot upon the threshold. At this moment the moon cleft asunder the thick veil of clouds, a limpid ray disclosed the fugitives to each other, and poor Margherita was distinctly visible, pale, wasted, in a torn and threadbare dress, her hair flowing over her half-naked shoulders, like a lady just risen from her bed, who is still beautiful in spite of her negligent wretchedness.

Francesco and Alpinolo turned upon her a look full of love, veneration and pity; the child also raised his cherub face, and, putting back with his little hand the hair which impeded his sight, looked with intense curiosity upon the kind lady who was carrying him, saw her, knew her, and with the joy, poor child! of one who sees a dear friend alive and well, whom he had long wept over as dead, threw his arms about her neck, and exclaimed with a piercing cry, "Mamma! mamma!"

That cry froze them all with terror. His mother put her hand before his mouth, but it was too late. The sentinel lifted up his head in alarm, saw them, sprang upon his feet, "Help, they are making their escape, to arms!" And he did not cease shouting till, in less than I can tell it, Alpinolo had thrown himself upon him, and severed his head from his shoulders; then, with the bloody sabre still in his hands, made signs to his terrified companions to escape, while he stood at the door to prevent all egress, till they had gained sufficient time to fly. All, however, was vain. The cry, "To arms!" had reached the rest of the guard, and they came pouring in from all quarters with lances and torches, shouts

and menaces. With the desperate courage of a tigress defending her young, Alpinolo laid about him with all his might at first with his sword, then with his lance, and, finally, with all that remained of it, the trunk, and struck down all that he could reach. But Sfolcada Melik, coming behind, struck him such a stunning blow upon the helmet with his mace, that it sent him rolling at the feet of Margherita, dabbled as he was in his own blood and that of others. Alpinolo kissed them with a convulsive lip, then, raising his swimming eyes to her face, exclaimed, "Only forgive me!"

Buonvicino is soon made acquainted with the failure of their attempt to escape. He learns that the jailer is hanged, and that Pusterla and his family are to be tried forthwith by the interested and iniquitous judges who had condemned the former prisoners. Of Alpinolo he can hear nothing, but concludes that he was killed in the combat which took place in the prison. Only one thing now remains to be tried—an appeal to Luchino himself on behalf of the innocent. It is a forlorn hope, but the monk determines to make the effort; and his high character, and the general respect which it commands, lay open to him at all times even the guarded entrance to the palace. His persuasion fails, however; the trial follows. All the legal technicalities are observed, but the issue is inevitable. It is too much the interest of the presiding judge that the prisoners should be found guilty, for the sentence to be doubtful. A palace at Milan, and the rich territory of Montebello in the country, held *pro tempore* by Lucio, the chief-justice, are to be in his perpetuity on the conviction of the Pusterla family. They are of course condemned, and the people, whom the general counsel, assembled according to the prescriptive right, is supposed to represent, confirm the sentence. Buonvicino spends the time of the trial in prayer, kneeling by the same tomb where he knelt on the memorable day when God first touched his heart, and called him to repentance and newness of life. The scene which follows reminds us in its graceful heartlessness of Shakspeare's Ostrick.

The monk had remained absorbed in meditation and prayer some hours when he felt a gentle tap on the shoulder. He looked up like one roused from deep thought, and saw a young man standing by his side, in a short and elegant dress of blue and white, fitting so closely to his form as to bring out in perfect relief the compact structure of his limbs, upon which the doublet and hose sat without a wrinkle giving full effect to their robust agility. Gracefully resting his left hand upon his side, holding a cap of white velvet, from which drooped a peacock's feather, and leaning with his right upon an elegant rod of ebony, tipped with burnished silver, he kept at a respectful distance, in the attitude of obsequious politeness, which is learnt at court. A large serpent, worked in silver upon his doublet, gave no room for Buonvicino to doubt that he was one of the chamberlains of the visconti, and, trembling with hope and fear, his eye expressing all the anxiety he felt, he rose to meet him, and said, "What are Signor Luchino's commands?"

To which the other answered with a bow, "His excellency presents through me his respects to your reverence; he has sent a large donation for masses to the convent, and recommends himself particularly to your prayers. He informs you, moreover, that the prisoners who were condemned this morning . . ."

"They have been condemned, then?" interrupted Buonvicino, and he grew first pale, then red, and, casting down his eyes, asked in a deep voice, "And to what punishment?"

"Death!" subjoined the other, with the courteous indifference learnt in good society.

Buonvicino had scarcely strength enough to ask, "All?"

"All," he replied; "and the prince, as a signal proof of his esteem, grants permission to your reverence to assist them in their last moments."

Was it real pity? Was it a refined insult of Luchino's? The monk did not stop to inquire; but he penetrated in an instant all the bitterness of this new position—one of those which break the heart, or turn it to stone. He raised his eyes to heaven and exclaimed, "Let the sacrifice be completed!" Then, turning to the messenger, "Thank the prince in my name for this. I take it from him as a favor, and from Heaven as my last trial—and the most tremendous."

Buonvicino visits Margherita. We omit the first interview, together with a minute and somewhat labored analysis of Margherita's thoughts and feelings in the immediate prospect of death, after the manner of *Le dernier jour d'un condamné*, and proceed to the second.

At midday the monk reappeared in the presence of the sufferer. The paleness of her countenance had increased; and it was evident that no interval of repose had been granted to her anxious thoughts. She had not been suffering for herself alone; she had been thinking of other beings, so near and dear to her, whom she yet could not see, and should never see again, or see them on the scaffold. On the countenance of Buonvicino also, in addition to the traces of long habitual suffering, others still more deep and searching were now visible. When he had saluted his penitent, he said in a languid voice, very unlike that of a man announcing a boon: "Lady! I am deputed to inform you that, according to custom, you are at liberty to ask for any indulgence you please."

The dim and sunken eye of Margherita shone with hope; and over her bloodless countenance a blush was diffused, as beautiful as that which fancy paints to the exiled mountaineer, when he thinks of a sunset in spring on the snowy summits of the country for which he has so long sighed; without a moment's hesitation she answered, "Let me see my husband."

The monk had foreseen this; and, with difficulty restraining his tears, answered, "God alone can now gratify this desire."

"Is he then dead?" she asked, drawing back in terror, and holding out her rigid hands.

The silence of the monk and a mournful inclination of the head gave terrible confirmation of the truth.

"And my son?" she resumed with increasing anguish.

"He waits for you in Paradise."

She stood motionless as if struck by lightning; she wept not, she spoke not; such griefs have neither tears nor words; but, at length, recovering herself again, she exclaimed, "All the ties are now broken which bound me to the earth;" then raising her eyes in the attitude of a sublime sacrifice, she added, "Let us prepare to follow them."

She sank on her knees before her humble seat, and, alternately with the monk, who knelt by her side, in a voice broken by sobs repeated the prayers for the dead; she listened with mournful resignation to the last affectionate words and self-accusing messenger sent by her Francesco; and heard with what courage, only an hour before, he had ascended the scaffold, at peace with himself and with all mankind, leading his little boy by the hand, whom he had hoped to guide in the path of splendor and renown, instead of leading him up the steps of the infamous ladder.

Margherita's thoughts, therefore, had no longer any resting-place upon earth. Heaven, besides being the only secure harbor after so many tempests, was also

the only place where she could now trust to be reunited with those so dear to her, so long her only hope, her only care. She wiped off by confession whatever stain might have sullied the brightness of her soul, sanctified first by beneficence, and afterwards by suffering; and, with the humble trust of one who has striven to live well, prepared to present herself before the tribunal of God, whose judgment differs so much from the inhuman judgment of the world.

In the mean time, the city went on quietly as usual in its business and its recreations. The dryness of the season, the scanty vintage of the year, the war which they had feared, the plague that they were dreading, the last tax that had been levied, domestic affairs, public amusements, were the varying theme of common conversation. Some spoke of the execution of the morning, some of that which was to take place next day; but private sorrows were not suffered to interfere with the interests of the community. It is an old custom; for, as Buonvicino observed this general indifference, he remembered how, even in Isaiah's time, the prophet lamented, that "while the just man perisheth, no man layeth it to heart."

The members of the Council of Justice, in the shelter of the domestic circle, related to their beloved families, to their assembled friends, how much difficulty they had in convicting persons who persisted in protesting their innocence; but they felt, as they said, as if a weight had been taken off their hearts, now that, after so long a time, a cause so important and so involved was at last settled; and, when any one asked if the sentence was just, they showed that it was according to law.

Signor Luchino left Milan that morning to pass a couple of days at Belgiojoso, a villa admirably fitted for the chase at that season of the year. His wife, the Lady Isabella, went with him, who contrived to amuse herself very well in the absence of the handsome Galeazzino. His brother, the Archbishop Giovanni, was of the company, and by the careful arrangement of the circle of hair which surrounded his tonsure, and the graceful disposition of the ample tunic of red lined with ermine which fell in folds round his person, betrayed more than a mere secular desire to show off that beauty which distinguished him as the handsomest prelate in the world. Behind them followed a troop of friends, *court* friends, servants, huntsmen, and grooms. The common people came together in crowds to admire the beautiful horses, the magnificent packs of Tartarian blood-hounds, the Norwegian falcons. They vaunted the luxurious habits of the archbishop, the coquetry of the Lady Isabella, and the great skill of Luchino in drawing the bow, and hurling a lance at a hare, a stag, or a wild boar. . . .

The contrast here, though not a new one, that of the uninterrupted indifference of the many amidst the anguish of the few, is effectively drawn. The scene which follows is perhaps the most striking in the book, more striking even than the catastrophe. The relative position of Margherita and Buonvicino, both in the past and in the present, throws around it an interest of the highest order, and it is worked up with great taste and judgment.

As the ancients crowned the victims with flowers before they led them to the altar, universal custom treats with attentive courtesy those who are about to be given up to justice, that is, to the executioner. Margherita, therefore, on the eve of her death, was taken from the den in which she had languished for so many months, and placed in a less squalid apartment, one which served as a chapel. It was confined in its dimensions, but lofty and airy; a window, protected by iron bars, gave a view of the country; a mattress, a small table, a prie-dieu, and two seats, composed all its furniture; while a movable altar, with two wooden candlesticks, recalled to the recollection those,

upon which, in the persecuted catacombs, the primitive Christians were wont to sacrifice the bloodless victim.

There Margherita passed the night, her last night, in prayer and meditation. She thought of the things of this world; all reminded her that she must soon leave them; but was she more attached to them than she should have been in order to know and despise them? She thought of those who had been so dear to her; and was comforted when she remembered that she should soon see them again in Paradise. She thought of the past; but it was not her pomp, and her illustrious birth, and her celebrated beauty, and her envied magnificence, that recurred then to her mind, but the tears she had dried, the opportune counsels she had given, the pity she had lavished, the injuries she had pardoned, the anger she had repressed, these she knew were a treasure laid up in heaven, of which she should soon taste the fruit.

The breath of fresher air, which usually accompanies the break of day, made her shiver with a sudden and painful feeling of cold; and the words rose to her lips: "How cold my Venturino must be in the open fields!" They were drawn from her instinctively, and though reason confessed that they were vain, it did not scorn them as absurd. She then drew near the window, and contemplated the first sight of early dawn, as it broke upon the mountains of the Bergamasea. The sky was limpid, calm, wearing the tremulous serenity, which, in the first mornings of October, is wont to invite men to the social or solitary walk, to the animation of the chase, to the jocund business of the vintage. The pomp of summer had been everywhere succeeded by the festive peacefulness of autumn. A hoary dew glittered on the bending stalks of the high grass in the fields around, and on the trembling leaves of the long lines of poplar, which stretched in all directions over the plain, quivering and sighing as if instinct with life, as if they hailed the near approach of the sun, so dear after the lengthening nights, which had begun already to be more than cool. Margherita fixed her eyes intently upon the scene before her: "It is the last morning that I shall see!" Thus did everything remind her how all was on the point of coming to an end—remind a being which, from its very birth, carries within itself the horror of annihilation, the longing after immortality. . . .

Scarcely had day dawned before Buonvicino presented himself at the door of the little apartment, and stood still at the threshold, contemplating Margherita, as she prayed, in pitying and reverential silence. The lantern, which he carried in his hand, left himself and all the surrounding objects in the darkness which still reigned within, throwing its concentrated rays upon Margherita, who looked more than mortal. She was kneeling on the naked pavement, her forehead bent upon her clasped hands as they rested upon one of the seats, a rosary entwined with her fingers, whose cross they pressed. It was the same rosary, the same cross, which Buonvicino had cut with such patient care during the first days of his conversion, and which he himself had presented to her, when she lived in a sumptuous palace, surrounded by all the appliances of ease and elegance, applauded by society, contented in herself, prosperous in her fortunes, a noble husband by her side, and a lovely child upon her knees, who babbled and called her mother. And now! over that husband and that child the earth had closed; and in a few moments she would be with them. As with such or similar thoughts Buonvicino contemplated her, his eye became more and more sunken, his wasted cheek more hollow, like a brook whose moisture the continued heat of a burning sun has dried up, and left only the arid channel. Gazing fixedly at her, he dared not disturb a state which resembled calmness. One might even have said that she slept, if from time to time a

convulsive shiver had not run from head to foot, giving too clear a sign that she was awake, and suffered.

"God be praised!" said the monk at length in a low and feeble voice; at which Margherita started, raised her head, rose up hastily, and, rushing to meet him with outstretched arms, cried out in a tone of intense anxiety: "Oh, father! is there then any hope?"

Thus that healing balm, which nature has provided for the wretched, like the nurse's milk for the sick child, never fails till the last hour. The monk sighed, raised his right hand and his eyes to heaven: "There are the hopes that never deceive."

Margherita's face, which had just before been lighted up with a brilliant color, became again as pale as death; she clasped her hands, and, casting her tearful eyes also to heaven, exclaimed: "Lord! Thy will and not mine be done!"

The consolations, the prayers of the preceding day were renewed in this, and so much the more fervently as they both felt nearer their separation on earth, and their reunion with God. Buonvicino offered in her presence the august sacrifice of the altar, the daily commemoration of the Just One immolated for the truth, of Him who died for the redemption of mankind, and since the feeling of her own wretchedness did not take from Margherita the power of understanding and appreciating that of others, she comprehended but too well the mortal anguish of Buonvicino, and prayed that God would give him strength for the dreadful trial.

When the monk had communicated to her the bread of angels, the sufferer grew calm; and, strengthened by a viaticum so precious, conversed calmly with him on the nothingness of this world, the joys to come, the meeting of her dear ones in the bosom of Him "whose name is Love." . . . Their pious conversation was interrupted by the sudden tolling of a bell. Poor Margherita shuddered: the monk felt as if a dagger had struck to his heart. They both knew that it was her death-bell, the death-bell of her who was as yet alive and well, the bell of the Broletto, where the execution was to take place. In the mean time, busy footsteps passing to and fro, the undrawing of bolts, the harsh creaking of a car, gave warning that the awful moment was come. Margherita, sinking on her knees, begged Buonvicino to give her absolution once more, and call down upon her the benediction of the Lord, as in the article of death. The monk rose, with a dignified solemnity both in his voice and attitude: he extended his arms; spread out the palms of his hands over the meek head of his penitent, whose countenance, though pale and cast down, was suffused with that peaceful trust, which is felt only by those whose hopes rest upon the invisible and the immortal; and seemed to be uniting the heaven, on which his gaze was fixed, with her upon whom he was invoking its pity and its reward. Margherita, kneeling before him, her arms crossed upon her bosom, and her white hands contrasting strongly with her black dress, bent her neck in the attitude of penitent resignation as she received the awful but consoling words. The lantern, which had been placed upon a bench, was growing pale in the increasing light of day, and quivered from time to time as if on the point of being extinguished, throwing around the head of the beautiful suppliant a circle of tremulous rays, such as in pictures surrounds the countenance of the saints.

She listened, crossed herself, and then rose, like one who, having settled all his affairs, sets out on a long journey, from which he is never to return. But the monk then, falling at her feet in his turn, exclaimed: "Lady! until now I have been fulfilling the sublime office of a priest of the Most High. But I am a mere man: I am a miserable sinner: you are a saint. Oh Lady, before . . . before that . . . will you say that you forgive me? . . . forgive me, though once, wretch that I am, I dared to attempt your virtue? You pre-

served it. Bless you for it, since you have thus provided for me and for yourself such consolations as these in this tremendous hour."

"Yes, blessed be God!" she replied, with a faint smile of ineffable sweetness. "The struggle was a hard one then: I feared I should not be able to stand against it: but the Lord was our help; and He gave you the firmness of a generous resolution. Forgive you!" she added, and, sobbing aloud, laid her white hands gently upon his head as he bent it before her: "I have nothing to forgive, for you have never offended me. The remembrance of you has always been my safeguard against the deceptions of the world. In the perils of my joyous days, in the more sinister temptations of neglect, I have thought of your noble self-sacrifice; I have said to myself: What will Buonvicino think? And now that I am here! . . . Ah! what I owe to you God alone can repay."

She raised him from the earth, and, as she showed him the well-remembered rosary, the cross, she kissed them and added: "You recollect when you gave them to me! You prayed that they might one day be my comfort! The day is come . . . Oh, how different from what either you, or I, or any one else could have imagined! . . . and yet my comfort abounds. Friend, I would die with this chaplet on my bosom. After that . . . I shall be . . . take it yourself from my neck—Ah! there will then be no neck to take it from . . . and keep it forever, in remembrance of poor Margherita, whom you loved so much and so well."

She was silent; then making a fresh effort, resumed: "You will go to Signor Luchino, *yourself*, I beg it as a favor: make even this last sacrifice for my sake: and you will tell him that I forgive him. But he will perhaps think that too proud a word. Tell him that I will pray for him in Paradise . . . that he may have pity on my poor country. It is the last wish of a dying woman." Here again there was silence, and a fresh burst of tears, from which she was startled by another toll of the funeral bell. Then she resumed: "Buonvicino—my friend, my true friend . . . farewell! farewell! . . . We shall meet again in heaven—and soon!" She made an effort to utter these words with firmness, but they were broken by sobs: the monk repeated "soon," then drew the cowl over his eyes, and they set forward.

We cannot venture to extract the scene of the execution at full length, though it must suffer much by being curtailed. The gradual gathering of the multitude, the conversation of the various groups, and all the adjuncts of such a spectacle are described with admirable truth, but the details are often too minute for transcription. All we can do is to pick out a passage here and there:—

"And who is it," asked a new comer, "that they are going to execute?"

"The wife of the man," replied a neighbor, "whom they put to death yesterday."

"Ah! ha!" subjoined a third, "then it is the mother of the little fellow whom they executed with Signor Pusterla."

"What?" replied the first, "did they put a child to death?"

"Yes, indeed," interposed a woman; "and what a beautiful little fellow he was! Two eyes as blue as the sky over our heads; a face like that of the infant Jesus; and then his hair—it was like threads of gold. I got to the foot of the steps so that I could see everything."

"Tell us, tell us, neighbor Radegonda."

And, proud of entertaining a circle round her, Radegonda went on:—"When he came there, and they wanted him to go up the nasty steps—if you could only have seen the child!—he would not anyhow, but stood stock still, crying and shrieking."

"Loud enough," broke in another, "to be heard

from the gallery of the merchants, where I had en-
 sconced myself: he kept crying out, Papa! Mamma!"

"Just so," replied the woman, "and it was for
 fear of that ugly face," pointing, as she spoke, to the
 executioner: "his father sobbed so he could not
 speak; but the confessor bent down to his ear" . . .

"I saw that too," said the man who had inter-
 rupted her before, "and the child's fair locks mingled
 with the dark beard and black hair of the monk, and
 looked like the gold flourishes upon a pall. And I
 saw too how the child flung its arms round the monk's
 neck as he was speaking to him; and the monk . . ."

"What was the monk's name?"

"Buonvicino."

"And what did he say to the child?"

"And what did the child say?"

"And what did his father do?"

"Gently, gently, one at a time; is it you that are
 telling the story, or I?" said Radeconda. "What
 would you have the monk say? That he should go
 up courageously, and he would be in a moment with
 the angels in Paradise."

"And the child?"

"The child had no mind to go; and said, 'Para-
 dise, I know, is a fine place; and angels are there,
 the Lord is there, and there is that dear Madonna;
 but I will stay here with my papa and mamma; I will
 stay here with *them*,' he repeated and wept."

"Then the monk!—Tears fell from his eyes as big
 as the beads of a rosary, while at the same time he
 was smiling like an angel. And then he said to the
 little boy, 'Thy father is going into Paradise with
 thee.' The child looked at him cheerfully and asked;
 'But where is mamma?'—'Mamma,' replied the
 monk, 'will come soon.'—'Then if I were still in the
 world, I should be here without them?' And then he
 knelt down on the ground, and raised to heaven two
 tiny, tiny hands, as white as wax, while the execu-
 tioner cut off his hair, and made mouths to frighten
 him."

But, on the balconies and terraces, and in the
 chambers of the magistracy, lords and ladies held
 conversations more sociable and refined. They talked
 of troops and of battles, of the private intrigues and
 variable favors of the court. They talked of the dis-
 appearance of the thrushes, and of the scarcity of
 hares. They asked for news and told it, now turned
 over one book and now another, and the Lady The-
 odore, the newly-married bride of Francesco de
 Maggi, one of the ladies of that time the most cele-
 brated for her beauty, and the use she made of it,
 asked carelessly as she was drawing on her glove:—
 "And what is the name of the person who is to be
 executed to-day?"

"Margherita Visconti, at your service," Forestina
 immediately replied, a natural son of the prince, who
 was paying his devoirs to these beauties.

"Visconti!" replied the bride, "then she is a re-
 lation of Signor Luchino's?"

"A distant one," replied the young man; but the
 jester, Grillincervello, added, "And she might have
 been more nearly related to him; and it is exactly
 because she would not, that she has come to this end."

Then, turning to Forestino and his brother Bruzio,
 around whom, as the bastards of a great man, a re-
 spectful circle was formed, he said in a low voice:—

"Gentlemen, I beg to inform you, that, if you have
 any particular fancy for Signor Francesco's bride, she
 does not seem likely to imitate the Lady Margherita."

The tolling of the bell in the mean time had recom-
 menced. Every stroke, from the oscillation of the
 metal, awakened a prolonged echo, and then died
 away. A moment of silence succeeded, then another

stroke, and another, slow as the gasps of a dying
 man—and like *them* heart-rending.—"Is she com-
 ing?"—"No."—"What keeps her then?" was heard
 on all sides; and a murmur of curiosity went round,
 just such as takes place at the theatre when the cur-
 tain does not rise as soon as is expected.

At length they begin to cry, "Here she is!" And,
 as the bell tolled quicker, there appeared first a black
 banner edged with yellow, on which was painted an
 upright skeleton, with a scythe in one hand and an
 hour-glass in the other; at his right a man with a
 cord round his neck, another at his left with his own
 skull in his hands. Behind, two by two, came the
 confraternity of the Consolation, in a dress of white
 cloth, the skirt and cowl being sewed together so that
 they could not be taken off apart; and, where the
 face should be, a scarlet cross only was visible, beneath
 the transverse limbs of which two small holes barely
 gave space for sight. Loose and ungirded as they
 were, their hands clasped within their hanging
 sleeves, they looked like nocturnal phantoms. The
 hindmost carried a bier, chanting the *Miserere* as
 they went on, in mournful chorus. They carried the
 bier and chanted the obsequies, of one who, as yet,
 could perform all the functions of the living.

Making their way through the crowd, they drew
 near the scaffold, where they deposited the bed of
 death; and, arranging themselves in two files to re-
 ceive the condemned prisoner among them, formed,
 as it were, a barrier between the world, and a being
 who, in a few moments, would cease to belong to it.

And now, drawn by two oxen harnessed with black,
 a car was seen slowly to advance, upon which was
 our poor Margherita. In compliance with the vague
 feeling, which leads us to adorn ourselves for all spec-
 tacles, all ceremonies even the most melancholy,
 Margherita had provided a dress of decent mourning,
 and brushed and arranged her hair, whose shining
 black contrasted so much the more vividly with the
 cold, uniform whiteness of a skin, which, though
 wasted, had lost nothing of its surpassing delicacy.
 On her neck, with whose fairness the pearls which
 once adorned it could scarcely vie, the beads of the
 rosary barely marked the line, which in a few mo-
 ments would be cleft by the axe. In her clasped
 hands she pressed the cross which hung from it, and
 from which she never turned away her eyes—those
 eyes wont formerly to shine with benevolent joy, but
 which now, sunk in mournful debility, saw only one
 object, one hope.

Fra Buonvicino was seated by her side, paler if
 possible than herself, holding in his hand the crucified
 image of Him who suffered long before us, and suffered
 for our sakes. From time to time he went on sug-
 gesting to her a word of comfort, or a prayer, such
 as our mothers teach us in the days of our happy
 youth, and come back to us opportunely even in mo-
 ments the most disastrous:—"Lord! into thy hands
 I commend my spirit."—"Mary! pray for me in the
 hour of death."—"Go, Christian soul, from this
 world which is given to us only as a place of exile, and
 return to thy heavenly country."—"May the angels
 carry thee straight to Paradise, sanctified by thy
 sufferings!"

No eye was turned to anything but her. Wasted as
 she was by so much misery, and with the traces of
 approaching death in her face, all who saw her ex-
 claimed—"Oh, how beautiful she is! and how
 young!" And more than one eye shed tears at that
 moment, more than one lady hid her face in her em-
 broidered handkerchief, more than one glove, which
 was wont to handle the dagger, brushed off the tear
 which stood upon the eyelids of the gentlemen.

And now the car stopped at the foot of the scaffold;
 a solemn silence reigned among the crowd of specta-
 tors; Margherita dismounted, and drew near the
 steps, which to her were the steps to Paradise. The

executioner descended to meet her, and held out his black hand, as if to offer her assistance. It was the hand which, only the day before, had been stained with the blood of those most dear to her! With an instinctive shudder, but unmixed with hatred, Margherita refused it, and, with as firm a step as she could assume, began to ascend. Poor martyr! her sufferings were not yet over.

As she was passing through the midst of the confraternity of the Consolation, a low but vindictive voice struck her ear:—"Margherita, remember the *Eve of St. John*."

As the frog, though already lifeless, quivers at the passing of the electric currents, Margherita, who seemed already separated from earthly things, shuddered at the sound of those words; she turned a look of terrible majesty and profound horror upon the wretch who had spoken, and, through the orifice of the disguise, saw an eye fixed upon her as keen as that of a venomous serpent. These words made him known to Buonvicino also, who was ascending by Margherita's side; he stretched out his hand to save her in the act of falling, which she grasped with the strength of terror, and, placing the crucifix in sight, cried, "He died pardoning his murderers."

Margherita kept her eyes fixed on the sacred image for some moments, then raised them to heaven and appeared comforted; and, radiant with the foretaste of immortality, reached the fatal platform. An instant after, the executioner, laying hold of her black hair, held out the severed and gasping head to the populace.

When Margherita submitted her head to the knife, Buonvicino, kneeling by her side, murmured in the ears which would soon cease to listen, the last words of consolation. Then, with a sudden effort of resolution, like one who breaks at last from a long and painful situation, he grasped the crucifix, raised it in his clasped hands to heaven, then lowered it even to the platform, and let himself fall upon it headforward. He was sprinkled with the blood of the victim; all was over; and yet he did not rise from his attitude. They shook him . . . he was dead!

So the guardian angel, whom Providence has appointed to protect the good, as soon as his charge has ceased to breathe, his divine mission fulfilled, returns with him to Paradise.

A terrible scene follows, in which Alpinolo and Ramengo figure. Alpinolo, who has escaped his late dangers only to appear upon the scaffold, is recognized just before execution by his father, Ramengo, who in vain uses frantic violence to stop the executioner's hand. The remaining characters are summarily dismissed. The fate of the jester, Grillincervello, is at once ludicrous and mournful. He had discovered one of his master's low intrigues, and played a trick to frighten him in a nocturnal assignation. He is condemned to be hanged for his presumption, but without any intention of carrying the sentence really into effect. The rope is purposely left loose, and Grillincervello falls to the ground unhurt; but terror did the work of the hangman, to the regret of Luchino, whose anger had ceased, and who could "better spare a better man."

The Visconti himself survived Margherita seven

years. He was then poisoned by his wife, the Lady Isabella, and buried, according to the *gazettes* of those times, with a great attendance of horses and banners, the infinite grief of the archbishop, and of his inconsolable wife, and an incredible number of tears from all his faithful subjects of Milan and its neighborhood.

The chief justice, Lucio, who, in reward for his exertions in the trial and condemnation of Margherita and her husband, obtained in perpetuity the rich and delicious domain of Montebello, to which he retired from time to time to taste such repose as his public avocations would permit, lived to a great and honored old age.

In an oratory, between Bovisio and Mombello, may still be seen a large tomb of granite, with an epitaph which praises the life and laments the death of one whose effigy is sculptured in basso rilievo upon the cover. His doctor's cap is on his head, and his robe reaches to his feet, and his arms are crossed upon his breast, in the way that all good Christians die. Within that tomb Lucio lies buried. There he awaits the judgment of God.

With this paragraph the romance of Margherita Pusterla closes, and the deep moral lesson which it leaves upon the mind need not be pointed out to the reader. The whole story, in fact, as Cantu has told it, opens up a train of thought most favorable to the best feelings of the heart. We do not, as we have already said, consider it equal in pathos to some other works of Italian fiction upon which we have already commented, but we think its tendency as good, its sentiments as healthful, its aim as high. And, in this respect, it forms a valuable addition to the pure and sterling literature of the country which produced it. It proves, moreover, that the literature in question is not merely the effusion of one or two individual minds, but that it pervades the mass of intellectual society. If such works did not find an echo in the general bosom, not a few of those who compose them now might be tempted to debase the gift that is in them by descriptions of voluptuous self-indulgence, or sentiments of irreligious scepticism. They are in fact both cause and effect. They catch their tone from the popular impression, and carry that impression forward by the additional impulse which they supply. We cannot help thinking that there is, in all this, more of hope and promise than one might at first imagine. It is clear that irreligion is not the characteristic of the Italian mind in its better and more cultivated grades. The abuses of the Papal court, and indeed of the Papal system generally, are in many of these works faithfully recorded, and even indignantly censured, but they are not identified with the verities of the Catholic Faith. These are on the whole encouraging signs. They seem to point to the existence, in intellectual and deep minds, of a religion not identified with the fanciful additions and corrupt glosses of later Roman theology, and thus to show, underneath the lamentable divisions of Christendom, more of materials for real and fundamental union than we might dare at first to suppose.

Poems by Mrs. E. H. EVANS. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia, pp. 250. This elegant volume is submitted to the public by the brother of the authoress, as her first venture, and with the questions in the preface—Does not the spirit of true poetry sparkle all through the book?—Is not this poetic spirit richly imbued with the holiest elements of evangelical religion? Do not the domestic affections, the sympa-

thies in which are the life of home, find here a graceful and glowing utterance? These questions, though prompted by a brother's partiality, can only be answered in the affirmative, and with an emphasis. The volume is but a succession of pure and sweet strains from beginning to end, and is a new credit to American literature.—*Inquirer*.

From the Times, 4 June.

GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

THE prosperity of the United States is so intimately interwoven with that of this country, that the extraordinary increase of their federal revenue will be regarded as a piece of domestic good fortune. Their revenue is increasing beyond all anticipation. As we are reminded by our correspondent at New York, eighteen months ago the then Secretary of the Treasury estimated the Customs for the financial year ending the 30th of this month at \$32,000,000. The calculation threatened a deficit, and the Secretary warned his fellow-citizens that they must make up their minds either to additional duties on imports or to a loan of \$16,000,000. He leant to the former alternative, and there ensued no little chuckling in this country at the prospect of our own liberal measures meeting with this scurvy, though perhaps unavoidable, requital. Six months ago the present Secretary found his predecessor so far out in his calculations that for the first quarter of the present financial year his receipts from the Customs had been \$14,764,046. This compelled him, rather against the grain, to advance the estimate for the year to \$45,000,000. In this country we can hardly understand the phenomenon of a Chancellor of the Exchequer shutting his eyes to his increasing resources; but, by the constitution of the United States, it is possible, and is actually the case at this moment, that a government elected by universal suffrage may be directly at variance with a legislature of the same origin, and the great officers of state may be compelled, as they are at this moment, to administer a policy which they have opposed up to the hour of their admission into office. Accordingly, six months ago the American Secretary, in presenting his report, still underestimated the revenue, and overestimated the impending deficit, in order to urge, as he did with some fallacies long exploded on this side the Atlantic, that a return to the old protective tariff, besides bringing a good deal more to the Treasury, would save various branches of manufacture from ruin. Unless we take into account the influence of prejudice, it is difficult to suppose these secretaries honest in their official estimates. From the day the last was made it has been continually falsified. The first three quarters of the year ending the 30th inst. have already produced \$6,122,662 more than eighteen months ago was expected for the whole year; the produce of the three quarters being respectively \$14,764,043, \$8,910,240, \$14,448,379—total \$38,122,662, against \$24,645,315, the receipts for the three corresponding quarters of the year ending June, 1850. If the current quarter produces only as much as it did last year the total for the year ending the 30th inst. will exceed by \$3,000,000 Mr. Corwin's estimate made only last December. In this case no loan will be required. As for the other alternative, of additional duties upon imports, it has been already disposed of in Congress.

It is no empty compliment, but a literal truth, that this flourishing condition of the United States' revenue is as great a blessing to us as an equal excess in our own revenue. For all practical purposes the United States are far more closely united with this kingdom than any one of our colonies, and while these communities are colonies in name, but in reality, either prisons, garrisons, or independent communities, the United States keep up a perpetual interchange of the most important good

offices; taking our manufactures and our surplus population, and giving us in return the materials of industry, of revenue, and of life. There are no two countries in the world, be they ever so adjacent, where a frost in spring, or a blight in autumn, a speculative mania or a commercial collapse, a false opinion or an unwise enthusiasm, in either of the two, so immediately and certainly tells upon the other. The relations between the parent and the child, separated as they are in politics, are unparalleled in their intimate nature as they are in their enormous extent. In the present instance the state of the American revenue renders it unnecessary to put any additional impediment on the commerce of the two countries. The American citizen is not to pay any higher penalty than he now pays for the use of British and other foreign manufactures, and the Englishman is not to suffer a corresponding check on his trade. If we go further back in our inquiry, we find that this mutual advantage arises in great measure from the impulse given to British and American enterprise by the repeal of our corn and navigation laws. Looking forward the prospect is most cheering. Before many years the federal debt will probably expire, and with it the greatest part of the import duties. That they will wholly expire in the present generation is too much to expect, for, economical as the federal expenditure is, it will hardly be met by so scanty and precarious a fund as that from land sales.

The commercial philosophy which adorned Mr. Secretary Corwin's report last December, and which was received with rounds of applause by certain parties in this country, has been singularly unfortunate. It has been rejected by the legislature to whom it was addressed, and it has been discredited by the results of the next six months. So far as the federal revenue is concerned, there is now absolutely no pretence for additional duties, or for any more stringent rule of assessment. As for protection, the improvement of the revenue under the system which Mr. Corwin denounced as injurious to domestic enterprise is itself a sufficient reply. The Customs of the United States for the quarters ending March 31, 1847, 1849, 1850, and 1851 respectively, were \$6,300,000, \$8,347,628, \$11,500,144, \$14,448,397. Whatever the condition of one or two branches of trade, it is evident that, as a whole, the Union has flourished under a liberal tariff. The population of the Union has increased with a rapidity which might excite surprise, even in a small and infant State; and the facility with which the Union has absorbed, employed, located, fed, and housed a million immigrants within the last five years is even more remarkable than the unhappy circumstances that have driven them from these isles. Not twenty years ago the most enlightened men in the Union could not contemplate without serious misgiving, and some talk of actual resistance, the annual arrival of some 20,000 British immigrants. The Union now hails with well-grounded security and satisfaction the arrival of that number every month in the year. The most magnificent schemes are founded on the hope of a combined emigration at an equal rate. Emigrants are to people the sides of the New York and Erie Railway, just completed, and a railway, dependent on a like support, is now planned right across to California. What has so great and so growing a country to do with protection? What has a giant to do with swaddling-clothes? If the strength and greatness of the

Union consist in its numbers, its territory, its command of the necessities of life, its communications, its cities, and its freedom, how can these be promoted by taxing the many for the sake of the few, and by sacrificing the whole of the Union to the convenience of some manufacturers in New York and one or two other States? The question, however, we believe to be as finally settled in the United States as it is in this country.

From the Morning Chronicle.

THE IMPENDING DISASTER IN EUROPE.

WE may have a shrewd suspicion that most of the projects entertained or adopted at the recent Congress of the Northern Sovereigns have not been precisely such as the friends of free institutions would be inclined to regard with particular favor; but one topic has undoubtedly received their anxious attention, their view of which may be readily pardoned, and cannot, under any circumstances, be severely censured. It is notorious that the three monarchs have been engaged in concerting a plan for the effective employment of their combined military forces, in the event of another success of the Parisian populace in May, 1852. We need scarcely remark that a violation of neutrality is not contemplated, for the simple reason that such a mistake in policy would entail inevitable ruin on its authors; but it is intended to organize a system of coöperation, under which the Prussian, or Austrian, or Russian army may be indifferently made available in cutting off or treading out the first conflagration which the sparks from a new French explosion may kindle on German territory. This resolution we merely cite at present as a fresh evidence of the deep anxiety with which the political crisis fixed by the French constitution for next year is anticipated over the entire continent. We have already described at length the character of the impression which the prospect is making upon France itself—inspiring the ignorant peasantry with undefined longings, the revolutionary minority with fanatical hopes, and the industrious classes with a sentiment compounded of timidity, and desperate resolve. That crisis is, in fact, the next great event to which Europe has to look forward. No apology, therefore, is needed for a brief attempt to point out with some degree of particularity the specific grounds of so universal an alarm. We have several times dwelt upon the enormous peril which, in a country like France, must attend the simultaneous abdication of all the powers of government, even when the successors who are to take up and continue their functions shall have been properly designated. But, in truth, it is the high improbability that any such legitimate successors can be legally appointed in May, 1852, which constitutes the chief gravity of that epoch. The nature of this improbability may be easily shown. It results from a comparison of the rules laid down by the French constitution with the most patent facts of French politics. Before endeavoring to elucidate it, we must premise that we place out of the question the two most popular expedients—the one auspicious, the other desperate—for averting the crisis to which we refer. We assume that the revision of the constitution will *not* be voted, and that Louis Napoleon will *not* successfully carry through a *coup d'état*.

By the 46th article of the French constitution—

coupled with the decree of the constituent assembly, issued on the 28th of October, 1848—the office of president of the republic becomes vacant at midnight of the second Sunday in May, 1852. The election of the new president takes place on the same day. If this election be neither prevented nor interrupted, the suffrages of the electors will be distributed among *four* principal candidates, at the very least. There will be some one, probably General Changarnier, representing the Legitimists, the Fusionists, and, in short, all the elements combined in hostility to Bonapartism. There will be a second claimant, in the interest of the minority who have adhered to the government since Changarnier's dismissal—probably some one connected by personal ties with the house of Napoleon. There will be General Cavaignac. And there will also be a Red Republican candidate—perhaps two or more. But, in its 47th article, the constitution requires that, in order to a valid election, some one person must have united in his favor a clear half of all the votes deposited, *at least two millions of suffrages*. That these conditions should be properly satisfied in the case of any one of the candidates above-mentioned, we hold to be nearly impossible—and wholly impossible if the electoral law of May 31 be maintained, as it probably will be. The election will therefore be incomplete. In this event, by the last clause of the 47th article, the Legislative Assembly elects the president of the republic from among the five candidates who have obtained the largest number of votes from the people. But here, again, the condition is attached, that some one name must be designated by *more than a clear half* of the representatives forming the legislature.

It will at once strike the reader that the unlikelihood of a valid action by the Assembly is still greater, if possible, than the improbability of such an election by the people. The state of matters which we have assumed—pre-supposing as it does the refusal of the revision, and the conclusive failure of all attempts to come to an understanding with the existing president—involves an even higher degree of general irritation, an even greater intensity of mutual suspicion and dislike, and a bolder disregard of the country's wishes, than the legislative body exhibits at the present moment or exhibited during the fever heats of last winter. We may picture to ourselves its situation between Changarnier, Cavaignac, a Bonapartist, and a couple of Red Republicans. To name the latter would be to commit suicide. Against Changarnier would be the Left and the Bonapartist minority. Against the Bonapartist would be the Legitimists and the Left. And the nomination of Cavaignac—in some respects the most promising candidate—would be precluded by the consciousness of the monarchical parties, that it must again consign them to the depression from which they were lifted by the elevation of Louis Napoleon to the presidency. Might there not, however, be a compromise? But we are tolerably well acquainted by this time with the compromises of the Legislative Assembly. Discussed for months, and inaugurated with solemn pomp, they fall to pieces at a touch, at a breath, at the passing of a shadow. In the case supposed, as if to consummate the difficulty and crown the danger, the powers of the legislature itself expire, *pleno jure*, by a separate clause of the constitution, on May 28, 1852. Rather less than a fortnight is all the time accorded to the representatives for the settlement of an election which may decide forever

the very point which divides them—the character of the future government of France!

If the provisions of the French constitution should be literally followed according to their present tenor, the country seems exceedingly likely to be placed between the alternative perils of an Assembly illegally prolonging its own powers, or abdicating them without having named a president. The first cause would justify a revolutionary outbreak—the last would render it necessary. In the first case, there would be an illegitimate government, with no instrument of rule but a disaffected army—in the last, there would be, for a space of time, no government at all; and he would be a public benefactor who should organize one. And now we think we have said enough to account for the extraordinary preparations of the northern sovereigns, and to explain the passionate energy with which the all-healing revision is demanded by a portion of the French people.

From the Times of June 2.

PRUSSIA AND RUSSIA.

THE personal conference which has recently taken place at Warsaw between the King of Prussia and the Emperor Nicholas, and that which is about to be solemnized with military pomp by the Emperor of Austria at Olmütz, are indications that the concert and alliance of the Northern courts are restored, and that the common principles of political action recognized during a large portion of the present century by those powers are once more in the ascendant at Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. The policy which this triple league has uniformly pursued is one to which the spirit and principles of this country have never inclined, though we have not refused to do justice to the advantages resulting from such a union, and we have felt the evils of its temporary interruption. The good understanding and harmonious action of Russia, Austria, and Prussia are the most powerful guarantees of the peace of Europe, and of the existing treaties which those states have generally, though not invariably, upheld. That is a consideration of immense and primary importance, for it involves the whole external policy of the European continent. Not only does this union avert the chances of war between these three powers, whose military strength and close proximity would render them formidable and destructive enemies, but it presents a rampart not to be assailed with impunity by any other state. A few months ago, when the alliance was virtually dissolved, we saw Germany bristling with hostile bayonets, while Russia on one side and France on the other were preparing to avail themselves of the chances of the contest. But unhappily, this alliance, which sprang out of the great wars of Napoleon, and was cemented on the field of Leipsic, has served the cause of peace at the cost of that next best thing—the cause of liberty; and the renewal of this intimate connexion bodes ill to the prospect of political regeneration and of popular institutions in Germany. After the occurrences of the last few years, which shook the whole system of the German powers, leaving the Russian empire unscathed, the alliance might even be renewed on less equal terms if the Emperor Nicholas asserted his pretensions to the lion's share. But it is fair to acknowledge that, hitherto, in all these transactions, the moderation of the cabinet of St. Petersburg has been equal to its

strength, and that every act of the emperor appears to have been dictated by a chivalrous regard for the welfare of his allies, even more than by the supposed objects of Russian ambition. Those objects have not, however, been the less attained; and, as was apprehended from the outbreak of popular violence in 1848, and from the temporary estrangement of our own government from the chief power in Germany, the ascendancy of Russia is felt to a greater degree than before over a large portion of the Germanic Confederation.

By one of those alternations which are familiar to the King of Prussia and to the policy of his cabinet, it is through Berlin that the influence of Russia is most powerfully exercised, and it is on this Russian connexion that the Prussian ministers now most confidently rely. Several causes have concurred to bring about this result—the very reverse of that which had been predicted by a class of politicians from whom we habitually differ. Prussia is conscious of the weakness and ridicule attached throughout Germany to her late policy; and, though she has tardily consented to resume her post in the Diet at Frankfurt, it is, we fear, with no desire to promote the success of that experiment. She looks to Warsaw to counterbalance Frankfurt, and is not ashamed to turn to Russia for support against the object of her unabated jealousy—the cabinet of Vienna. There was a time, not more than four years ago, when we hailed with joy the relaxation of those ties which had converted Prussia into a satellite of Russia, for the measures of 1847 seemed to add another powerful and enlightened member to the alliance of constitutional states. It is needless to recur to the unbroken series of errors and failures by which the Prussian court and the Prussian people have subsequently thrown away and destroyed the brilliant future which then seemed opening before them. Their connivance and participation in the base attack on Denmark, their extravagant schemes for absorbing the rest of Germany, and their undisguised hostility to the only confederate power which they could not hope to absorb, effectually alienated from them the good-will of Europe, and left them to finish in the dust what had begun in the clouds. The fear of internal commotion has now brought back the king's government to the Russian alliance, and to this feeling is added the painful recollection of the military weakness of the kingdom when it is without an ally. Within these few days the statue of Frederick the Great has been pompously inaugurated at Berlin. As a work of art, it is said to be worthy of the reign of a magnificent and tasteful sovereign; as an act of policy, we are amazed at the hardihood of princes who have thus unveiled the effigy of their great ancestor to contemplate, as it were, the deeds of those who followed after him. He, indeed, carried the political license of his age, military rapine, and diplomatic turpitude, to its utmost limits, yet the energy of his character triumphs over its baser parts, and he survives in history as the founder of a great European power. It is fitting that his brazen image should adorn the squares of Berlin, and the occasion was celebrated as a national festivity; but it must have suggested contrasts not altogether gratifying to the pride of the people or the conscience of the king.

To return, however, to topics of more strict political interest. The influence of Russia is said to be principally employed to calm the irritation and to settle the differences incessantly breaking out be-

tween some of the Prussian and Austrian statesmen; and we do not believe that the intentions of the Emperor Nicholas have ever assumed the active or aggressive character sometimes imputed to them. His maxim since 1848 is to be prepared for the worst, to bear constantly in mind that, as the state of France is essentially unsettled, the continent has no guarantee against changes in that country which might lead to a struggle abroad; and in Germany, to cause existing treaties to be respected, and the federal organization improved. But, in the interest of the national power and prosperity of Germany, it is difficult to suppose that even Russian statesmen are so blind to the signs of the times as to imagine that a stupid despotism can be imposed on that country, and they must be aware that the federal and internal institutions of Germany will crumble at the first shock if they do not respond to the just wants of the people. The interests of the conservative cause and of the union of these governments against the excesses of the revolution imperatively require that the Diet should become a more efficient body, and that its measures should not be tainted by a suspicion of foreign influence.

It is not in the character or policy of the Emperor Nicholas, especially as exhibited in the last three years, to adopt adventurous or uncertain combinations. He waits upon events, without attempting to lead them. For this reason, we do not credit the rumors which attribute any definite reactionary projects to these interviews of Warsaw and Olmütz. Russia will neither attempt to compress Germany nor to attack France. The knight-errantry of despotic powers is past, and the world will see no fresh treaty of Pillnitz. On the contrary, the attitude of the German governments and of Russia is strictly defensive; but if their object be to preserve themselves and their dominions from the ravages of anarchy, we hope they will acknowledge that this result can never be accomplished by repression alone, but requires the reconciliation and union of government and people, by adapting the authority of the one to the rights of the other.

From the Times of 18 June.

CENSUS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

THERE are events which set the dullest and most incurious minds speculating upon the future of the world, and the varying destinies of nations. The conclusion of a long war, an important treaty, or the settlement of a political contest at home, cannot fail to suggest the inquiry how the new order of things will operate on the comparative progress of states. A census is not an event of this striking and potential character; indeed, it is hardly an event at all, for it is only the periodical notation of a continual development. It furnishes, however, as certain grounds for political prophecy as anything the chapter of accidents can supply. Population is the chief element of national power, and though the states of Europe have severally attained a position which they are not likely either to forfeit or much to improve for many years to come, yet a new and much more open field is added to speculation when we take in the New World, as well as the greater part of Asia and Africa, brought under the influence of European nations. The British race is the principal peopler of North America and the Australian islands, the dominant influence in the West Indies, the prevailing element

in South Africa, and the lord paramount in India, with all the contingencies that appertain to that position. Taking these considerations into account, the increase of our population at home is a far more important question than if it merely affected the comfort with which we can manage to live in these isles, the sufficiency of our harvests, or the figure we can continue to make in the presence of Europe. Whatever the future fate of our wars or our diplomacy, whether the continent reciprocates our tariffs or meets us once more with a chain of hostile custom-houses; whether the name of England is honored or despised in the council halls of Europe, we are not likely soon to be deprived of our solid advantages as an industrious, a prolific, a spreading, a colonizing, and a self-governing race. With North America and many other portions of the earth's surface occupied by our own flesh and blood, speaking our language and inheriting our laws, if not our allegiance, we must ever occupy an honorable and useful position. No increase of servile populations, no triumph of absolutism, no combination of rivals, can ever push England into a corner, and make her a mere cluster of islands in the Northern Atlantic. The terminus of the *Ultima Thule* has long been removed. There are now no limits to our influence. As a little slip of shore in the peninsula of Jutland was the Anglia from which our race is principally descended, England in its turn is the *Stamm haus* of great and popular empires. The results of the British and of the American census, appearing as they do together at this moment, bring this relation of the parent state and her numerous progeny into unusual prominence.

The population of Great Britain and the islands in the British seas, exclusive of Ireland, was, on the 31st of last March, 20,919,531. We shall probably have to wait some time for the return of the Irish population; but on June 7th, 1841, including the army serving in Ireland, it was 8,196,597. If we take the emigration during the last ten years at a million, and set down two hundred thousand deaths to famine and pestilence, perhaps we are not justified in assuming the present population of that island to be much over 8,000,000. This would bring the population of the United Kingdom somewhat under 29,000,000. If we take the population of British America and that of our purely British colonies in other parts of the world at 3,000,000, this gives 32,000,000 persons, either of the British race, or of some European race united with them in allegiance and laws, and every day more closely united by social feeling and private ties. The population of the United States last year, as far as can be ascertained from the returns now partially published, is estimated in a little compendium before us at 23,347,884, including California and the adjoining territories. Of these 3,177,936 are slaves, besides a free colored population estimated in our correspondent's letter yesterday at 162,771. This would leave the American citizens of British or other European extraction about 20,000,000. It thus appears that there are about 52,000,000 persons of British extraction, or of some other European race amalgamated with them, occupying the best geographical positions in the world, possessing the largest maritime trade and the most profitable manufactures, enjoying the freest institutions, commanding the vastest extents of fertile territory and the finest climates, and receiving the services of many millions of useful auxiliaries, of various races

and hues, living either in comfortable slavery, or willing subjection, or dignified alliance. All these persons of British, or, as they are sometimes improperly called, of Anglo-Saxon race, hold substantially the same faith, speak the same language, read the same Bible, the same Milton, the same Shakspeare, the same historians and moralists, the same modern poets, novelists, and essayists, and interchange their thoughts as freely and almost as promptly as the inhabitants of one city or village. Ingenuity is fast destroying the obstacles of time and space, and common sense is drawing institutions every year to a greater similarity. These 52,000,000 persons, divided though they are by oceans and political forms, are a closer and a far more influential unity than any merely political combination; and if any race may be said to be fortunate and ascendant this is that one.

The return for Great Britain testifies to the great increase of emigration from this island, as well as from Ireland, to America, and the Australian colonies. Chiefly owing to this increase, but in some degree to the cholera, and perhaps to other causes, the decennial rate of increase has declined during the century. In the ten years ending 1811, the increase per cent. was 15.11. In the ten years ending 1821 it was 14.12; in 1831, 14.91; and in 1841, 13.18. During the last ten years the increase has been only 12.10—the ratio being the lowest in Scotland, and the highest in the metropolis. The decennial amount of increase as stated yesterday under the head of the census, for the last ten years has been 2,212,892. In the previous ten years it was 2,181,076, which, though a lower figure, represents a higher ratio compared with the population of that period. Of course, it is natural to expect that the more thickly peopled any country should become, the greater difficulty it should find in accommodating the natural increase of its population on the scale of living they have been accustomed to. We can only be thankful that we possess such ample means for "setting up" our surplus elsewhere in the world. The emigration to our colonies has been so considerable during the last ten years that the wonder is why the ratio of increase has not declined more than it actually has. Doubtless it would have declined more but for the vast amount of the Irish immigration into Lancashire, the West Riding, Wales, Glasgow, this metropolis, and other parts of this island. It appears from the return that the increase of females is greater in proportion than that of males. In 1841 there were 493,303 more females than males in Great Britain. In 1851 the excess is 550,157. In 1841 the excess of females in the metropolis was 124,367. In 1851 it is 154,429—an increase greater than the whole increase of population would lead one to expect. This growing disproportion of the sexes has lately attracted the attention of philanthropists, and suggested the scheme for conveying such women as are qualified for it to colonies where the disproportion is the other way. In this country so great an excess of the "weaker vessel" is undoubtedly a very great evil, for in this, as in other matters, plenty produces cheapness, and nothing is more to be regretted than a state of society which puts women, more than nature intends, at the mercy of men. Army, navy, commerce, and colonies, however essential to national power, glory, and wealth, have their drawback in this, as in some other serious points. To some extent we suffer the evils of those barbarous tribes, among whom the males are so often decimated in

war, that their women, through their mere superabundance, lose the dignity of their sex. England will earn its great power and glory at a very dear rate, if the disproportion, which has already become serious enough to attract the attention of thoughtful observers, should continue to increase at its present rate.

From the Morning Chronicle.

CENSUS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

WE publish in another part of our paper the preliminary portion of one of those documents which mark epochs in the life of a nation—which supply the philosophic historian with his most valuable data of research and speculation, and which impress the enlightened practical statesman with a new sense of the responsibilities of government. It is true that it is the merest abstract of the "Census of Great Britain" which is now presented to the reader; and this rough outline of our existing social condition, and of the last ten years of our social history, is only to be regarded as prefatory to those more specific and detailed statistical analyses which the industry of the official arithmeticians is, no doubt, busily engaged in preparing for publication. We must await the appearance of the occupation tables connected with the late census, of the statistics indicating the sanitary state and progress of our population, and of those returns relative to education and public worship which have now, for the first time, been officially collected, before we shall be in a position to draw any but the most general conclusions from the results of the recent decennial enumeration. Ireland, too, has no place in the tabular document which we now offer to the public: and the too momentous part which the sister country has borne in the domestic and social history of the United Kingdom during the last ten years, renders this circumstance a peculiarly important drawback on the practical value of any body of statistical facts exclusively relating to Great Britain. Yet, notwithstanding these obvious limitations to the utility and interest of the information now presented to the world, it has still a deep significance for all thoughtful minds; and we are glad that the commissioners for the census of 1851 have thus promptly laid before us the rough and general result of their labors, without waiting for the completion of those detailed calculations which will more especially interest the student of social economics.

The one great fact which stands out on the face of this document will have been long since taken for granted by all classes of our readers. Great Britain is still a growing country. While, in one sense, she ranks among the oldest of European communities, she is the youngest in point of vital and expansive energy. Despite all the multitudes that annually swarm off from our shores to find new homes in either hemisphere, the numbers of our population still continue in process of steady and rapid increase; and every year adds some 225,000 souls to the inhabitants of this island. The present aggregate population of Great Britain is returned at 20,919,531 persons—being an increase of upwards of two millions and a quarter since the census of 1841, which gave a result of 18,655,981. As the decennial period during which the augmentation has taken place has included the widest diversities in the national fortunes—embracing, in fact, two epochs of distress and embarrassment, and

two of high prosperity—and, still more, as each of the two preceding censuses exhibited a very similar result—we may set down a decennial addition of two millions and a quarter to our population (exclusive of Ireland) as, for the present, a normal fact in our national existence. That the greater portion of this periodical increment should be found congregated in and around large towns—where alone the means of employment and subsistence appear susceptible of indefinite increase—is a phenomenon which would admit of a ready explanation; and there is every reason to expect that such will turn out to be very generally the case when we obtain the complete analysis of the recent returns. Yet there is, not the less, something startling in the fact which we find in the present table under the head of “London”—the only urban district the statistics of which are as yet given separately. It appears that the metropolitan population, which was 1,948,369 at the census of 1841, has now swelled out to the enormous amount of 2,363,141. In other words, London may be said to annex a new Liverpool and a new Bristol once in ten years—or a Chester and Shrewsbury annually. We regret to perceive that this rapid augmentation of our metropolitan population is very far from being accompanied with a corresponding increase of house accommodation. Whether we compare the existing proportion of “Inhabited Houses” in London to population with the proportion of ten years ago, or with the average ratio of houses to inhabitants throughout England and Wales, it will be seen that the result is, in each case, unsatisfactory; and, in fact, taking England generally, the figures before us show little evidence of the practical efficacy of our recent philanthropic movement for extending and improving the domestic accommodation of the most numerous class of the community. The 3,276,975 inhabited houses of 1851 are, relatively to the present population of England, no advance on the 2,943,039 tenements of 1841; and, adopting the same standard of comparison, the 307,722 houses of the London of 1851 mark a positive retrogression, as contrasted with the 262,737 which constituted the London of ten years ago.

The exceedingly general character of the present return affords, as we have said, no basis for any specific conclusions with respect to the distinctive phenomena of our present social state. We as yet know nothing of what the census of 1851 has to teach us respecting the local sources of our national vitality, or the industrial occupations by which this constant accession to our population is employed and fed. Yet more than enough is before us to impress dulness and perversity itself with at least two broad practical truths. In the first place, who does not see that it is well for the British people that they have been released in time from the fiscal trammels by which it was so long sought to restrict a growing population to the supplies of food furnished by their own narrow territory? And in the next, is it not equally manifest that the present great desideratum in British statesmanship is the adoption of such a policy of colonial government as shall effectually throw open our vast transmarine possessions to the needy, the unemployed, and the homeless of all classes of the community? The United States, with a continent at their back, rejoice at every imaginable increase of their people: and why should England fear—with the springs of her industry eased, her resources daily extending, her labor market daily widening, and

with new worlds already conquered, and only waiting to be peopled and tilled, in the Canadas and the Southern hemisphere?

From the Morning Chronicle, 17 June.

ENGLISH CHURCH AND AMERICAN BISHOPS.

NEITHER of the two greatest and most imperious theological schools of the day quite give credit to the better and more religious spirit of the century from which they sprung. Producing lines which, if not at first entirely parallel, must in their extension become daily more diverse, existing theologies, however opposed, seem but to agree in disparaging their common mother. It is a stock phrase with the present earnestness, or with what claims on either side to be such, to speak contemptuously of the religious past. In vituperating eighteenth-century churchmanship all agree, who differ in everything else. What is somewhat ostentatiously called the Jubilee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, reminds us of the religious claims of the deadead era of England—deadead, as in other things, so in religion—deadead, as in England, so throughout the whole Church—when the darkness of the darkest ages seemed to be revived in polished and intellectual Europe.

And yet that age produced the British Colonial Church. It is now, as we are reminded, one hundred and fifty years since the first of our sovereigns who mounted the throne on the distinct ground of Protestantism—himself a stranger, by birth and baptism, to the Church of England—was induced to patronize the nascent association for the propagation of the ancient faith in the English dependencies. May the patronage which the same society now accepts from Prince Albert be of equal augury! Our Missionary Church was cradled amidst short-comings and disasters, losses and unfaithfulness, which, while they offer us the consolation of an equality in suffering with our own days, will not atone for the sins of those who cast out Ken and his brethren from the church. Yet that a church may draw life from the steel of persecution, or even from the dead weight of state slavery, the birth and existence of the colonial church is a sufficient proof; and the parallel at this eventful moment has its special value.

The missions of the Church of England were desultory enough, yet eminently characteristic of the British mind. Our laws and policy are not a pattern constitution—they are the result of growth. We have gained them by halting, stumbling, yet persevering efforts—by failures as well as successes—they are the hardy, rough products of a weary experience. As is our constitution so is our colonial church. It is not the formed expansion of a fixed, definite scheme and plan; it is quite plain that no congregation *de propaganda fide* ever sketched it—never was anything so unsystematic. It is—*ad sit omen*—like the old cathedrals of the faith, the steady, unplanned, anomalous patchwork and slow accretion of ages. It tells of every hardship as of every triumph of the cross; it bears its weather-stained witness to some successes, as well as to many miserable failures. A church which only forced the state to send out bishops to its colonies when that state had—mainly by this very neglect—lost a continent, has not much to boast of. Yet a church which in fifty years has planted twenty-two new bishoprics, need not despair.

And yet it is a fact that, for the first century of its existence, however little the Propagation Society seemed to do, it secretly dug deep into the bowels of the earth. Its single, perplexed, downcast, deserted missionaries in the New England States—pioneers in the great wild forest—buried a seed which is now bearing ample fruit in the Anglo-American Church, with its thirty-three bishops. That tide which now rolls from Labrador to Lyttelton, and which washes the shores alike of Hong Kong and of the Falkland Islands, first began to flow when the rock was feebly struck by a few all but nameless clergy and laity in the Erastian days of William III. Now the age, and the men, who began this work are not to be ignored; and the seven thousand of their successors, who saw their way and their duty, and who did their best, however scanty that best might be, amid the thick darkness, were men of pith and courage. They were lighted on their lonesome and difficult path by the mere uncompromising sense of duty. They did great and high things—things which were so much the greater and higher, because not much talked about, nor written in missionary chronicles or in the *Lettres Edifiantes*, but only in that silent volume which is not to be opened in time. We trust, therefore, that, among the topics which the third jubilee of the Propagation Society will suggest, some justice, if somewhat tardy, will be rendered to the religious spirit of the eighteenth century.

The fact is, the true—we had nearly said the solitary—glory of the present Church of England is its colonial church. It does, we believe, much more adequately and truly represent the more faithful mind of the Church of England than the domestic Episcopate. It is stripped of those lordly accidents which dull the inner, if they decorate the outer man. Instead of rearing its mitred front amid nobles and statesmen, the colonial church is seen, in the persons of its prelates, feasting on biscuit in a fisherman's hut; instead of the cushioned carriage, it has the rough boat, the tangled forest, the burning sands, the iceberg, the jungle, and the mountain stream to struggle with. Instead of listening to the courtly cant of obsequious chaplains, a colonial bishop holds fellowship and brotherhood with his brethren of the priesthood. He attends no levees; neither is he clerk of the closet; neither does he spend the season in London; neither does he prefer a seat at a University Commission to a dull prosy routine of common-place confirmations and visitations; but he simply preaches, and journeys—not seldom on foot, always in perils and hardships—by sea and land, among savages, and often among scoffers; he remains, and is thankful to be, poor, thankless, despised, yet for the most part prosperous in his work. If a certain sort of see—we will not say what—is the scandal of our church, New Zealand and Newfoundland, the Canadas and the Cape, Australasia and New Brunswick, are her glory; for their bishops exhibit true, solid, ecclesiastical, episcopal, yet without most Christian virtues—virtues which would dignify any church in any age of its existence. And as the practical life of the existing colonial church is our present and abiding consolation, so, in its spirit, we thankfully recognize what we firmly believe is the perpetuity of the Church of England. No aggression upon the faith of the church, now so much, and with so much reason, dreaded—no surrender of its liberties, which is a matter of apprehension, on the part of the English

bishops—can fatally compromise and destroy the faith of the English Church. We cannot perish without the concurrence of the colonial bishops. All the suffragans of Canterbury have an indefeasible right to be heard in all deliberations of the collective Anglican church. That right, we are sure, they will maintain; their voice they will not, we trust, be backward in intruding, if need be. We want something of the more plain-spoken, rough, earnest speech of the colonies.

We conclude with another reflection. Among the interesting events which this jubilee of the Propagation Society has produced, the most important consists in the remarkable replies sent by several of the Anglo-American bishops to a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury, announcing the approach of the present celebration. We trust that solid reflections will suggest themselves to the English bishops from a perusal of the acknowledgments of their Transatlantic brethren. The American bishops, simple men, assume one or two rights and functions of the church, the very ventilation of which among ourselves is deemed flat treason against that state supremacy which too many of our own prelates consider the especial boast of the Church of England. The Bishop of Rhode Island calmly takes it for granted that the archbishop will "forward to him the forms of prayer and praise to be used in the province of Canterbury, at the approaching jubilee; and he touchingly remarks, "that it would add much to the religious interest of the occasion to have the appropriate devotions, as nearly as may be, the same on both sides of the water." Is this satire! Does Bishop Henshaw know that the archbishop could much more easily preach in a meeting-house than take counsel with the church to issue forms of prayer without orders from Downing street? Again, as with one consent, the American bishops touch a string which must vibrate with exceeding discomfort on the Episcopal or Archiepiscopal vituperators of the Synod of Exeter. The Bishop of Maryland pointedly bespeaks our primate's attention "to a plan of diocesan operations agreed upon in our last diocesan convention." The Bishop of Pennsylvania announces "that, at the approaching annual convention of our clergy and laity, he shall invoke the coöperation of that body." The Bishop of New Jersey will "propose a plan for the commemoration of the jubilee," but only "at the approaching convention of his diocese on the eve of the Feast of the Ascension." The Bishop of Tennessee, now in England, informs us "that he trusts the annual convention of clergy and lay representatives of the church in his diocese will already have adopted measures in reference to the archbishop's letter, which, in his absence, has been laid before them." The Bishop of Alabama "sympathizes * * * but inasmuch as the diocesan convention was just about to hold its annual meeting, he thought it best to lay the letter before that body for its consideration, before taking any further steps in the matter. A resolution was there passed," &c. The Bishop of Vermont "frankly suggests, in the good old fashion of synodical action, a council of all the bishops in communion with his grace of Canterbury." The Bishop of Maine concurs with the Bishop of Vermont. It is a curious, and, being plainly unconcerned, a most important fact, that every reply of the American bishops, without, we believe, an exception, speaks of synodical action—and in nearly every instance,

in the shape of a diocesan synod. They cannot recognize the action of the church in any other than this, its normal form. The lesson, we trust, will not be misapplied in our jubilee. It is the topic which, we hope, will not be forgotten—especially in that so significant place of meeting—in to-day's assembly at St. Martin's-hall; and never can it be so appropriately urged as in the presence of the illustrious president of that meeting.

From the Daily News, 13 June.

BRAZIL AND THE SLAVE-TRADE.

THE suppression of the African slave-trade has so inseparable a connexion with the highest interests of humanity, the loftiest pretensions of our national renown, and the material interests of our tropical colonies, as to render every step by which that enormous crime is finally subdued equally interesting to the philanthropist, the politician, and those pecuniarily concerned in its destruction. It is, therefore, with the utmost satisfaction that all will note how, in the speech with which the Emperor of Brazil opened the Brazilian Chambers on the 3rd of May, the suppressive career so lately entered on by that state is not treated as a mere experiment, but as an irrevocable change of the national will and conduct:

The law of the 4th September last has been vigorously enforced. To this law is to be attributed the almost entire extinction of the slave-trade. I hope that you will continue to coöperate with my government, so that it do not again make its appearance, even on a small scale.

This is a great and noble wish; worthy of the only monarch on the American continents; and henceforth the declared and avowed policy, and the whole force of legislation of Christendom (for America is part of Christendom) are in accord as to Africa. Everywhere now the African slave-trade is acknowledged by laws to be a crime; everywhere it is punishable as piracy and felony, and the crusade so long ago commenced by England is apparently now about to triumph. Of the more recent offenders, Portugal was the first to yield; Spain then followed; at last, Brazil completes this great circle of repentance. There is, then, hope that the solution of negro civilization is not far distant; that on the western and eastern coasts of the great African continent, legitimate commerce, exciting internal industry, and followed by religious influences, will yet work out the moral and material redemption of its now barbarous races.

Concurrently with this important change of policy in a matter formerly assumed to be of such incalculable importance to its pecuniary and commercial welfare, Brazil goes on advancing in prosperity. The fears and apprehensions of those who attributed all its economical progress to the slave-trade, are proving to be mere selfish and interested delusions. Production is augmenting, importations are increasing, and the revenue is improving in Brazil, notwithstanding its emperor is able to announce "the almost entire extinction of the slave-trade."

In 1847-8 the revenue was only 24,732,000 contos of milreis; in 1848-9 it rose to 26,156,000; in 1849-50 to 28,000,000; in the year 1850-51 it is estimated at 31,119,000; and in that year, notwithstanding the heavy military expenses rendered necessary by the hazardous state of its relations with the Banda Oriental, there is, on a revenue of

only between three and four millions sterling, likely to be a surplus of not less than half a million sterling. As with the revenue in those years, so with the importations; in 1847-8, they produced 14,219,301 contos; in 1848-9, 15,455,000; in 1849-50, 17,378,286; and in 1850-51, they are estimated to yield not less than 20,000,000 contos. And this increase is the more remarkable and encouraging; seeing that the emigration of Portuguese slave-traders from Brazil is of course accompanied by a large amount of capital, and has a tendency still further to restrict that system of extended credit on which Brazilian commerce is too much conducted.

Pending the results of this great change of policy, the progress of Brazil becomes a matter in which humanity itself is deeply concerned. Anything that distracts the attention of the government or people of the empire from the steady development of its great resources, hazards and endangers the success and permanence of the suppressive policy; and what Brazil has now most to fear is being involved in those interminable embarrassments and embroglios of the states on the Rio de la Plata and its tributary rivers.

Towards those states the policy of Brazil has at all times been frank, avowed, and honorable. With a territory already too large, Brazil has everything to lose and nothing to gain by once more pushing its frontier up to the bank of the Plate. In 1829, under Lord Ponsonby's mediation, the Brazilian government resigned the conquest of the Monte Videan territories, made ten years previously by the Portuguese, whom it succeeded; guaranteed the independence of the new state, then constituted as the Banda Oriental; and has resolutely refused to interfere in those internal struggles for supremacy which have since not merely retarded its progress, but almost destroyed its independence. All that Brazil has required has been the maintenance of a state between it and its old enemy the Argentine Republic. With such a state, it has been prepared to carry on amicable relations, regardless whether this or that general might be the depository of its power. This, it is to be gathered from the imperial speech, is still the policy of Brazil—the existence of the Banda Oriental as an intermediate state; and for its existence Brazil has, at least, the moral guarantee of this country.

From Der Freyschutz, a German newspaper.

GERMAN PILGRIMAGES TO LONDON.

COLOGNE, on the Rhine, a city chiefly peopled by the editors of the *Cologne Gazette*, and by 90,000 persons who are all called "Jean Maria Farina," and can all prove that each one is the distiller of the famous Eau de Cologne, is the western point of concentration of the German railroads, which has to fulfil the glorious destination of forwarding French civilization towards the east and Russia's politics towards the west. Thus the greatest part of the devoted pilgrims who make their journey to London will meet in Cologne. Dangerous communists, with beards of antediluvian growth, descend from the icy regions of Switzerland, sneak like foxes, without passport or abode, through the German plains, with the intention—so we are told by their enemies—to leap as beasts of prey over the channel, and there to give the death-blow to the peaceful British Monarchy. Mild *litterati*, with blue spectacles and green umbrellas, turning away

from the closed books of wisdom, emerge as pious dervishes from the pulpit of meditation, and wander far away through the Teutonic countries to the mosque of knowledge, called the Crystal Palace of Industry. Honest merchants, busy tradesmen, who were sung to sleep in their cradle with the fabled miracles effected in the English world of machinery, that make them giddy even now, and adult, lightfooted diplomatists, pressing the black-bordered round little spyglass into their left eye, in order to behold at last with steady look, to study, admire, or ridicule the much-praised English constitution, the much-disputed self-government—officers in plain clothes, driven by curiosity to see whether cultivation can really bring down the Briton so very near to his forefathers as to enable him to live without armed protection—Prussians, conscious of a possible constitution, Austrians conscious of an impossible constitution, Hesse-Casselites, conscious of a lost constitution, will meet in a new hotel of Old Cologne; all their domestic interests of diverging views here direct their way to the same goal—the Crystal Palace, London. Peace enforces what revolution could not obtain. What all the terrors of war, all the parliamentary speeches, all the argumentations of the press, were not able to effect, is performed by the domination of practical necessity, which leads thousands to the same point. Men wholly differing in their opinions, whether from natural disposition, education, position, or the moral constraint of fate, will perhaps find themselves, on some fine evening, sitting at the same table, with a glass of hock. There you see an officer fraternizing with the calumniated professor, wondering to hear him who was called a man more than dangerous, speak so very respectfully of the troops—to hear him talk as accurately, as if he had served himself, of the arms used by the ancient Marcomanni—even of the new Prussian guns which are fired by needles, and of the modern Austrian system of artillery—and finding out that there is no hatred at all in him against “the brutes of soldiers,” but that he only nourishes the modest wish that they may permit to all citizens the liberty of thinking and writing of jurisdiction and parliaments. Perhaps there will also come together the refined diplomatist and the rude Communist—for the Communism of these days works prettily into the hands of diplomacy, and this in return plays very handsomely into the hands of future Communism. “Your health, wild boy of the mountains,” says the diplomatist, “we are under much obligation to you. Where should we find means to keep in order, out of the mysterious twilight of the cabinet, those millions whom we provide with tranquillity if we could not point to your ghastly apparition! All the words of fear of the century have been used up as the century itself. There is no longer miraculous power in them. Revolution, opposition, radicalism—they are terms unheeded. There is nothing left for us to work with but you, horrid Communist. Waiter, a bottle of Johannesberger! To Communism!” “And, waiter! a bottle of Johannesberger for me,” calls the other. “Hurrah! Long life to the diplomatists, who bring within our reach what was considered impossible, even by the most daring spirits! The diplomacy of our days does more to hasten the future than any one of us. Take your glass, count; your health! May you flourish till we step forth into the world!” These two men have evidently found one another out. They have met in the centre of their diverging thoughts, half-way between Germany and England; and there is no doubt that

many of our honest countrymen will meet in a like manner. And if they take, as is to be expected from German kindness, their daughters and wives with them, there will probably be formed many a tie for life, which has no more business with the politics of the day than nine tenths of the members of the English House of Commons. The road from Cologne to the sea is a short business. There all the continent seems to have met for a pilgrimage; there is, indeed, a migration of nations, not a barbarian expedition of the middle age, where rude hordes, stimulated by fabulous tales of the wonderful treasures of the west, left their native heaths, moving on like torrents of lava towards west and south to conquer territories that had been cultivated by diligent hands. It is, undoubtedly, an expedition to conquer, but the battle is to be fought by armies of thoughts, and thought itself, in perfect consummation, constitutes the prize of the contest, the common spoil, accessible to the less powerful, to the vanquished. Every one gives and takes, obliges and is obliged, is guest and is host. Every perfect production carries with itself the reward of the producers, gives new impulse to the thoughts of thousands of other producers and enjoyment to millions whose work lies in other departments. Let us omit alike the charms and horrors of the short passage, which all will recollect for themselves—the dire sea-sickness, evidently an invention of the coast tavern-keepers, who desire to receive their guests with empty stomachs. “Do not look so pale, madam!” Another quarter of an hour brings us ashore. There is Dover Castle beckoning to us—there are the chalky cliffs of England stretching forth their arms to receive us. Another turn of the paddle, another turn of the helm, we are in the harbor. “Keep up your spirits, madam; climb up this ladder”—we stand upon the English soil. Our late troubles are very soon forgotten in sleep and merriment. The fresh air breathes over the green country from the sea. The train carries us on past neat woodbine-covered cottages, green hedges, and beautiful meadows, over bridges and viaducts. It flies over the streets of London, crossing roofs and chimneys before we conceive we have gone half way on our journey. In a few moments the bustle of the great metropolis has received, separated, and devoured us, like a sea wherein thousands of rivers are lost without leaving a trace. First of all let us pray that we may escape minor miseries, such as bad lodgings, the being carried in an omnibus miles eastward instead of westward, the losing one's watch in a crowded street, the being knocked through a dozen shop windows, and so on. Next day every one tries his best to find his way through London; but on the third we all know how to get on in this “little village” called London. The literary man is sitting in his room beginning a work, carrying back to the same origin the English fog and the continental twilight; the diplomatist is busy admiring the self-government of the ballet girls at the Italian Opera; the German officer drives like a madman through the streets to see the English soldiers; the Communist rambles through Spital-fields in search of some delightful grievance; the man of business is living in the Exhibition, which has become his second home. Be happy, German brethren, on English soil, and if some English newspaper should tell you you have come over to revolutionize Great Britain, to conspire against Russia, Germany, and the Sandwich Islands, to infect the whole globe with anarchic tendencies, don't be offended by the absurdity.

From the Spectator.

NEW HOSPITAL FOR DISEASES OF THE CHEST.

WHILE one third of the deaths in the metropolis are ascribable to diseases of the chest, the hospital accommodation devoted to that class of diseases has heretofore been only one tenth; that is to say, the most prevalent and destructive class of disease has had the least counteraction among the poorer classes. This peculiar if not studied neglect must be ascribed to a notion, now happily dying out, that diseases connected with the respiratory organs, and especially the lungs, were virtually beyond the reach of certain or effective treatment. It was in deference to this old notion that Lord Carlisle made an admission, in his address to Prince Albert on laying the first stone of the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest: "We admit," he said, "that hospitals ought to give the preference to those maladies which afford a prospect of cure, rather than to those of a less hopeful character." Now this admission, especially as compared with the qualification which followed it, that "very much may be effected by precaution and a timely counteraction," is far too strong for the truth. Without accepting as literally true the inference of a physician eminent in the treatment of pectoral diseases, that *all* persons are at one time or other visited by maladies of that class, we believe it is certain that the proportion of mortality, enormous as it is, scarcely represents the comparative extension of such diseases. In the practical and popular sense of the word, it may be said that cure is as common in the class of pectoral diseases as in any other class.

It has become much more common, indeed, since the great advance that has been made with the knowledge of such complaints in our own day. This advance has been of a twofold character. The immense progress of physiological inquiry has thrown great light on the connection and common causes of most cognate diseases, not only with each other but with the general health, and has thus enormously augmented the power of the physician in treating them by medicine and regimen. The invention of the stethoscope, by placing the exploration of the inner chest within reach of observation, has given a distinctness of knowledge on the most characteristic and dangerous symptoms, heretofore unattainable; it has thus completed the round of evidence which establishes the connection of diseases, and at the same time guided the nature and application of topical treatment.

In discovering that the prevalence of pectoral diseases was far greater than had been supposed, science has also discovered how much more they are under subjection to the general laws of physiology and medicine. This branch of science, however, is younger than others; a fact which teaches us to remember how much is to be expected from the active and vigorous intellects now devoted to its exploration.

We may also remember, that while the primary object of hospitals is the relief of sufferers who are too poor to obtain it for themselves, they are also great instruments for the benefit of society at large, by checking the inroads of disease where it could not otherwise be encountered. They are still more signally valuable as great schools for the study of the diseases to which they are appropriated. They exemplify most powerfully the double blessing of charity, for him that gives as well as him that receives; the aid extended by a hospital to the

poor is returned to the rich in the knowledge which it collects; for in rescuing from untimely death the assembled children of poverty, science learns, as it could in no other way do, methods which enable it to rescue the children of wealth.

The more hopeful character of the most modern science had been in great part anticipated by the brave intellect of Andrew Combe. Before his time, it was too generally if not universally assumed that the symptoms of consumption were a death-warrant; he proclaimed the reverse truth, and established it. He became in his own person the teacher and exemplar, both to physician and patient; and in his compact popular volume on regimen, he has recorded, in a form accessible to all, the conclusions of his practical experience. He did away many of the old coddling notions, which helped to kill the patient by stifling the pores of the skin, filling the lungs with bad air, softening the muscular system with inaction, and deadening the vital functions; a service scarcely more useful in reconciling the patient to the restorative influences of Nature, than in returning hope to the afflicted relatives, and in showing what might be done by common sense and diligence. At an early age Andrew Combe was found to be "in a consumption,"—words which were formerly accepted as a death-warrant, in submission to which the awed patient duly lay down and died; Andrew Combe lived more than twenty years longer, a life of activity, usefulness, and temperate enjoyment.

MR. GREELY AT THE BRITISH ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING.

THE annual meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society was held on Monday evening, in Freemasons' Hall—a very fine one. There were about one thousand persons present—perhaps less, certainly not more. I think Joseph Sturge, Esq., was chairman, but I did not arrive till after the organization, and did not learn the officers' names. At all events, Mr. Sturge had presented the great practical question to the meeting—"What can we Britons do to hasten the overthrow of slavery?"—and Rev. H. H. Garnet, (colored,) of our state, was speaking upon it when I entered. He named me commendingly to the audience, and the chairman thereupon invited me to exchange my back seat for one on the platform, which I took. Mr. Garnet proceeded to commend the course of British action against slavery, which is popular here, and had already been shadowed forth in the set resolves afterwards read to the meeting. The British were told that they could most effectually war against slavery by refusing the courtesies of social intercourse to slave-holders—by refusing to hear, or recognize, pro-slavery clergymen—by refusing to consume the products of slave labor, &c. Another colored American—a Rev. Mr. Crummills, if I have his name right—followed in the same vein, but urged more especially the duty of aiding the free colored population of the United States to educate and intellectually develop their children. Mr. S. M. Peto, M. P., followed in confirmation of the views already expressed by Mr. Garnet, insisting that he could not, as a Christian, treat the slaveholder otherwise than as a tyrant and robber. And then a very witty negro from Boston (Rev. Mr. Henson, I understood his name) spoke quite at length in unmeasured glorification of Great Britain as the land of *true* freedom and equality, where simple manhood is respected without regard

to color, and where alone he had ever been treated by all as a man and a brother.

By this time I was very ready to accept with eagerness the chairman's invitation to say a few words. For, while all that the speakers had uttered with regard to slavery was true enough, it was most manifest that, whatever effect the course of action they urged might have in America, it could have no other than a baneful influence on the cause of political reform in this country. True, it did not always say in so many words that the social and political institutions of Great Britain are perfect, but it never intimated the contrary, while it generally implied, and often distinctly affirmed, this. The effect, therefore, of such inculcations is not only to stimulate and aggravate the pharisaism to which all men are naturally addicted, but actually to impede and arrest the progress of reform in this country by arguing that nothing here needs reforming. And, as this doctrine of "Stand by thyself, for I am holier than thou," was of course received with general applause by a British audience, the vices of speaker and hearer reacted on each other; and, judging from the specimens I had that evening, I must regard American, and especially Afric-American, lecturers against slavery in this country, as among the most effective upholders of all the enormous political abuses and wrongs which are here so prevalent.

When the stand was accorded me, therefore, I proceeded, not by any means to apologize for American slavery, nor to suggest the natural obstacles to its extinction, but to point out, as freely as the audience would bear, some modes of effective hostility to it in addition to those already commended. Premising the fact that slavery in America now justifies itself mainly on the grounds that the class who live by rude manual toil always are, and must be, degraded and ill-required—that there is more debasement and wretchedness on their part in the free states, and in Great Britain itself, than there is in the slave states—and that, moreover, free laborers will not work in tropical climates, so that these must be cultivated by slaves or not at all—I suggested, and briefly urged on British abolitionists, the following course of action:—

1. Energetic and systematic exertions to increase the reward of labor and the comfort and consideration of the depressed laboring class here at home; and to diffuse and cherish respect for man as man, without regard to class, color, or vocation.

2. Determined efforts for the eradication of those social evils and miseries *here* which are appealed to and relied on by slaveholders and their champions everywhere as justifying the continuance of slavery; and,

3. The colonization of the slave-states by thousands of intelligent, moral, industrious free laborers, who will silently and practically dispel the wide-spread delusion which affirms that the Southern states must be cultivated, and their great staples produced, by slave labor or not at all.

I think I did not speak more than fifteen minutes, and I was heard patiently to the end, but my remarks were received with no such "thunders of applause" as had been accorded to the more politic efforts of the colored gentlemen. There was, in fact, repeatedly evinced a prevalent apprehension that I *would* say something which it would be incumbent on the audience to resent; but I did not. And I have a faint hope, that some of the remarks thus called forth will be remembered and reflected

on. I am sure there is great need of it, and that denunciations of slavery addressed by London to Charleston and Mobile will be far more effective after the extreme of destitution and misery uncovered by the ragged schools shall have been banished forever from this island—nay, after the great body of those who here denounce slavery so unsparingly shall have earnestly, unselfishly, thoroughly, *tried* so to banish it.

H. G.

From the Examiner, 28 June.

THE PROPOSED MEETING ON COPYRIGHT.

It is not easy to see the precise drift of the public meeting of "British authors, publishers, printers, stationers, and others interested in the subject of copyright" announced to take place at the Hanover-square rooms on Tuesday next, and to which Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton lends the high authority of his name.

In the circular we have received the meeting is described to have for its object a consideration of the recent judgment delivered by Lord Campbell in the court of error, by which "the claims of a non-resident foreign author to copyright in this country are allowed, although the English author is strictly excluded from the benefit of copyright in foreign countries. The unreciprocated privilege thus conferred on foreigners," the circular proceeds, "if finally established, must, as will be shown, prove extremely prejudicial to the interests of British literature in all its departments, whilst it removes every inducement to the acceptance of our proposed international copyright act."

Now it may be very undesirable to remove "an inducement," but if it is reasonable and right—what then? Would it be allowable to establish an inducement at the cost of what is right and just? The question must be argued and decided, we apprehend, upon its own ground. If the English law be really as Lord Campbell and his brethren of the Court of Error have declared it, it is just and proper that it should be so declared, no matter how many "inducements" may exist to the contrary.

Upon the construction of the statutes we have been strongly disposed to think the judgment of the Court of Exchequer unassailable. But giving the question a wider range, arguing from the analogy of cases where no such statutes intervene, and admitting the larger considerations of equity and good policy, we hold the reversal of that judgment by the Court of Error to be the assertion of a principle eminently just in itself, and which all men of letters are emphatically interested in upholding. As it stands, however, the question is strictly one of law; it remains undetermined in the last resort; and for the reasons stated we think it not unlikely that the House of Lords may confirm the exchequer judgment. In any case we think it premature, before the decision of that highest court is ascertained, to enter upon any such agitation as the announced meeting seems to contemplate.

Its most active promoter is an English publisher who has done invaluable service to literature and education in this country by publishing a series of books of the highest character, often most expensive copyrights, at the cheapest rate. We know of nothing in the public or private literary enterprise of any country, comparable to the standard historical, and classical libraries of Mr. Bohn. But he entered on a less worthy undertaking when he became a reprinter of American books in shilling

volumes; and in this character we cannot accept his authority upon questions affecting foreign copyright. We should greatly suspect a meeting to protect the rights of authors actively promoted by M. Galignani of Paris, or M. Malines of Brussels.

No doubt Mr. Bohn might reply with perfect truth that he never touched an American copyright till the American booksellers had ruthlessly stolen and plundered his. But the argument of their wrong does not exactly justify his. With the *lex talionis* in active operation society would fare ill in graver questions than this of copyright. On the other hand, the "inducement," or gentle compulsion, by which unscrupulous piracy would propose to bring about scrupulous respect for property, though it appears more plausible in argument, is quite as bad in principle, and not worth much in fact. The Americans most benefited by the security of American copyright in England are not the publishers but the authors. The Americans who suffer most from non-protection to English copyright in America are not the authors but the publishers. These are facts well known, and they point in the direction from which the remedy must ultimately come. Compared with the publishers, the authors are but a feeble and powerless community in the United States; and we cannot for a moment doubt that the American bookseller is infinitely more worried by the existing no-law for us, than the American author is recompensed by finding that a law really exists for him. No American publisher or author can hope to gain, by protection of an American copyright in England, a tithe of what he loses by the non-protection of an English copyright in America.

The case is not quite the same in England. We shall be excused for saying that here the authors have a more disinterested motive in seeing that justice is done, and can better afford to help in doing it. Not entertaining a shadow of doubt as to which country has the strongest motives for putting down piracy, we are at the same time convinced that piracy is a bad thing for authors, no matter on which side of the Atlantic it may be practised. We are told by the originators of the meeting about to be held, that they mean to prove the existence of foreign copyright to be "extremely prejudicial to the interests of British literature in all its departments;" but we nevertheless cling to the old-fashioned notion that whatever precludes native publishers from the supposed benefit of pirating foreign works has far more of a tendency to encourage than to discountenance native authorship.

A case was put by Mr. Charles Knight in his last pamphlet on the paper-duty which we shall here take the liberty of quoting.

I will assume that an English author of high character has published a book in an expensive form—beautifully printed—illustrated by the first artists—altogether a luxurious book. It has had a considerable sale, and a wide reputation. It has greatly contributed to render the subject upon which it treats one of general interest. An American author, stimulated perhaps by this very book, produces a similar work in his own country. An English publisher seizes—it may be two or three English publishers seize—upon the American copyright, knowing that the subject is

popular, however treated, and that the English copyright has not been produced in a cheap form. The English author sees his natural market, amongst the purchasers of cheap books, invaded by a book of which the authorship has cost nothing in this country. He applies to his publisher to bring out a cheap edition. He is unwilling that his book should be shut out from the knowledge of the great body of our countrymen, and he names a very moderate sum for the right of printing a very large edition. The rival no-copyright book is in the field; it is published in the East and it is published in the West. The offer of the author is liberal—it is tempting; but it is not accepted. The public are not just enough to discriminate between the greater price that ought to be involved in the payment for copyright and the lower price that is attainable when there is no such payment. The publisher must sell the copyright book as cheap as the no-copyright book, or the demand will be very unequal. He cannot risk the payment of copyright, and sell as cheap as the non-payers.

We forbear further remark till we see what is proposed by the meeting referred to. Upon one point, it seems clear to us, ultimate legislation will be found necessary, whatever the decision of the House of Lords may be. We mean as to the construction of the words "first published," which would bar an author in either country where the first publication had taken place from resuming what he had once made *publici juris*. The cases curiously conflict with each other in this respect. In Chappell and Purday it was decided that, if a composition has been published abroad before being published here, copyright in this country is at an end. In Cocks and Purday it was held that if a composition has not been published abroad prior to publication here, copyright may exist here, and be enjoyed by the author. And, as if to complete the confusion, the exchequer judgment adopted the view of Cocks and Purday on the point of simultaneous publication, while the Court of Error seems distinctly to confirm that of Chappell and Purday in regard to the necessity of a prior publication.

NEW AND PORTABLE AIR-GUN.—We were yesterday afternoon admitted to a private inspection and demonstration of the powers of a newly invented air-gun, the production of Mr. F. D. Arstall, who discharged in very rapid and continuous succession, many scores of bullets, from a fragile tube connected with a gutta percha reservoir. The whole of the bullets perforated most completely a thick plank target, and indented a plate of quarter-inch sheet-iron placed at the back. The exhibition took place in the large Lecture-room, No. 11 Lime street, and was attended by many scientific gentlemen, who freely inquired as to the various properties and advantages of the invention, all of which were satisfactorily explained by Mr. Arstall and his intelligent assistant. By means of this gun, a charge of atmospheric air can be effected in two or three minutes, sufficient to propel at least a hundred balls in instantaneous succession, and as there is neither flash nor report, and the weapon is much lighter than the ordinary musket, we have no doubt that, among many other uses to which it may be applied, in new colonies, where the settlers are thinly scattered, it will prove a great desideratum in affording protection against predatory incursions.—*London paper.*

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